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JULIETTA,

OR THE

TRIUMPH

OF

MENTAL ACQUIREMENTS

OVER

PERSONAL DEFECTS.

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JULIETTA.

MRS. St. John Belfour was not a woman of an amiable disposition. Her father was a great West-India planter, to whose violent temper she was compelled, however reluctantly, to pay implicit obedience; and the irritation which she experienced from this submission was always vented on the female slaves who were her attendants. Thus, in the worst habits of the human mind, the submission to and the exercise of tyranny, she reached her four-and-twentieth year, when her father's death left her in possession of a plantation worth 4000l. a year. Certain asperities in her temper had as yet discouraged suitors; but now she was sure of offers from those in whom vice had extinguished

sentiment, and extravagance had kindled avarice. Such a man was captain St. John Belfour, whose proposals were accepted with no further examination than that his teeth were very fine, and his uniform very handsome. The new-married couple sailed for England by the first packet; and during a long sea voyage they saw so much of each other, that on landing at Falmouth they determined never to meet again. Captain Belfour departed by the mail-coach; and his wife, after engaging an English footman and maid, pursued her journey post. She had reserved to herself 1000l. a year of her fortune, which she knew would secure her a good reception from her father's friends; and the possession of a tolerably pretty face she thought would procure her attention enough to make amends for her husband's neglect.

Captain Belfour retired to an old family seat near Exeter, where, by a common transition from one vice to its opposite, he became a slave to the most rigid parsimony. Mrs. Belfour was received into the minor beau monde of London, where she found the

scale

scale of fashion sufficiently high to ruin her health, and drain her purse.

Thus passed five years, unmarked by an epoch which could distinguish one day from another, when a long fit of the gout, the want of society, and time, the great softener of disagreeable recollections, excited in captain Belfour a wish to be reunited to his wife. This wish was expressed in a letter to her; and her answer was so very pacific, that at the end of the month captain Belfour, not without some surprise at her condescension, once more embraced his wife. His wonder, however, did not last beyond the week, when he found himself called on to pay debts which she had contracted to an amount fully equal to all that he had saved out of his share of her fortune. The gout, however, had rendered him a philosopher: so, after telling her she was grown shockingly old and ugly since last they parted, he paid her debts, making a firm resolution that she should contract no new ones. Thus, after the usual manner of the world, they fretted together for two years, when, for the first time, they conceived a wish in which

their interest was mutual. They both began to lament the want of an heir, and the voice of nature, rousing some latent sources of affection, produced new feelings of sympathy between them. Two more years however passed, and the wished event seemed not likely to be accomplished: disappointment began to sour Mrs. Belfour's temper, at no time very equable; fresh fits of the gout exhausted Captain Belfour's patience; and a new separation began to be talked of, when Mrs. Belfour became pregnant, and all the rancour of the husband and wife disappeared in the anticipated delights of the father and mother.

Captain Belfour broke through his usual habits of œconomy, and spared no expense to secure his wife's comfort and happiness, that no untoward accident might frustrate their expectations. He carried her to London to lie in, and did not object to any expensive amusements that did not lead to late hours.

But Mrs. Belfour's constitution had been so radically weakened by former dissipation, that no conjugal tenderness or medical skill

could

could save her from a dangerous lying-in. For a day her life was despaired of, and the infant she brought forth had every appearance of deformity. To increase the disappointment of its parents, it was a girl; and without much reluctance, by the advice of the physician, it was consigned to the care of an eminent surgeon, to try and prevent the deformity which every day became more evident.

As soon as Mrs. Belfour was recovered, captain Belfour determined on returning to Exeter; and all her remonstrances, entreaties, and tears, to persuade him just to stay till the opera opened, were in vain. He grumbled at the expense which had been incurred to so little purpose, said that London-born children were always humpbacked, and swore if she had a hundred more they should all greet the light in Downton Hall. The charm that had held domestic tempests in repose was at an end, the elements of strife burst forth with wonderful elasticity, and 'my dear' became the synonym of 'my devil.'

Six months afterwards Mrs. Belfour again

 declared

declared herself pregnant: but she excited neither interest nor anxiety in the breast of her obdurate husband; he peremptorily refused to go to London, and declared his disbelief in all the longings and fancies of lying-in women. However, as he still was desirous to have a son, he inquired for the best midwife in the neighbourhood, and insisted on Mrs. Belfour's mounting her horse every day, and increasing the length of her rides to ten miles between breakfast and dinner. This wise prescription made a surprising alteration in her health: she became florid and robust, notwithstanding the constant fretfulness of her mind. When her time arrived, she was safely delivered of another daughter, which the nurse declared to be the finest infant she had ever set eyes on. Mrs. Belfour was enraptured, and her little Clara became her idol; but Mr. Belfour was still disappointed in not having a son, and, after bestowing a cold kiss on the little stranger, desired the nurse to cease her nonsense and leave the room.

A month after, when Mrs. Belfour began to sit up, and, by the excess of her childish

fondness

fondness for her infant, made herself doubly disagreeable to her husband, the maid arrived from London with the deformed child, and a letter from the surgeon. Mr. Belfour received the letter in his wife's dressing-room: it simply stated that there was no chance of remedying the deformity of the little Julietta, for so he had taken the liberty to have her christened, and that to keep her longer would only be robbing Mr. Belfour of his money. Mr. Belfour put the letter in his pocket, and desired the servant to bring up the child.

"What, when I am here?" exclaimed Mrs. Belfour: "I shall expire at the sight of the little monster."

"Considering it is your own production, you might not be so violently shocked," retorted Mr. Belfour; "but since you have had no mercy upon my ears with your tiresome prattle to that thing, I shall retaliate on your eyes, and insist upon this little monster being brought up in my house, and considered as my eldest daughter."

Mrs. Belfour burst into tears, and left the room: the nurse followed with the pretty

 Clara;

Clara; and when Julietta was brought up, Mr. Belfour, whose only intention was to plague his wife, seeing the opportunity lost, desired the child to be taken to the house-keeper. Mrs. Belfour ceased to have children, and no new cares arose to divert her from the interesting duty of educating her little girls. This she performed much after the letter of the world. Clara, in the nurse's arms, was declared a prodigy of beauty, and was kissed by every toothless old woman that visited the mother: gold watches and seals, ivory tooth-pick cases and pocket looking-glasses, were held to the admiring eyes of the little dear: before she could speak she had learnt the distinction between her Sunday and every day cap; and the joy she expressed at the glare of a scarlet sash was reflected in the delighted eyes of Mrs. Belfour. That no opportunity might be lost of instilling into her a sufficient degree of feminine vanity, no sooner was one doll disjointed, and the fine clothes torn, by the restless idler, than a finer supplied its place, with fresh injunctions not to spoil the pretty gown. As soon as she

could

could talk, the Devonshire jargon, which she had picked up from constant intercourse with the servants, became the constant language of the mother, and 'Gie it me,' and 'I weant,' were lisped and repeated to the applauding gossips. When she could express her nonsense with facility, the droll things she said from a mere mistake of language, were treasured up and related by Mrs. Belfour as prodigies of early wit; her volubility was encouraged by the inconsiderate delight which most people express in the little efforts of childhood; and as her beauty became more apparent, she was taught to set so much importance on herself, and her large prospects of fortune, that at the age of thirteen she was a torment to every one except her idolizing mother, of whom Mr. Belfour, who professed to hate the sound of a woman's tongue, declared she would be a perfect likeness.

What a reverse was the situation of the unfortunate Julietta! She remained with the housekeeper, forgotten by her parents, and consequently neglected by the servants. No

care protected her infancy, no tenderness encouraged her efforts; yet she was not, like her sister, confined to a room, and the society of grown-up people. As soon as she could run she passed the day in the back court of the house with her father's pointers, who would play round her, and lay but one paw on her shoulder, as if they knew the delicacy of her frame. With these good-natured animals she seemed to acquire a particular tenderness of disposition, and habits of mutual kindness. Whatever morsels she could conceal from her meals she carried in her little pockets to her favourites, and immediately the whole troop came pawing round her, and she felt herself a little personage of some consideration.

As she grew older her patronage extended to every dumb animal about the house: the hens and the turkeys, the waddling ducks, even the pigs knew her approach. These traits of benevolence gradually made her a favourite with the servants, who have not leisure to acquire those fastidious impressions of personal beauty which occupy so much the heads of their

superiors.

superiors. They would only say 'it was a thousand pities she was not as handsome as miss Clara, for she was a thousand times more goodnatured.' Julietta would listen to these observations with little emotion: she was sensible that she was shorter than many other children, but she supposed many others were the same; and she had so little idea of beauty, that she told the old housekeeper she was the handsomest person in the house—merely when she meant to say that she was the most goodnatured to her. Some such observation perhaps convinced old Mrs. Rowley that miss Julietta was a very clever girl, and it was a great pity, now she was eight years old, that she should not be sent to school. She took the first opportunity when she carried her week-book to Mr. Belfour to say the same, and obtained permission, without further comment, to send Julietta to school. But, as the housekeeper was leaving the room, he called her back with, "Harkee, Mrs. Rowley, take care that she never pesters me with her learning; or, between my wife's folly and my daughter's wisdom,

I shall

I shall have no quiet in the house."—"You need not be afraid," replied Mrs. Rowley: "miss Julietta seldom speaks, and then she always says something to the purpose." Mr. Belfour heard no more of Julietta; and she was only recalled to his memory by seeing in the half-yearly account, 'To two quarters' schooling for miss Belfour, 6l. 10s.'

The first day that the kitchen-maid, commissioned by Mrs. Rowley, led Julietta to school, presented a severe trial to the poor little girl. The rout of young imps that were playing before the school-door set up a shout as soon as they saw her, and ran round her, crying, "See my little lady! look at little "hunch-back!" Julietta, terrified and shocked, burst into tears, and clung to the kitchen-maid, who was a goodnatured soul, and, with such reasons as she had, endeavoured to console her: but there was none that could comfort the little mourner, who saw herself the scoff of her equals. Mr. Moore, the schoolmaster, hearing the noise, came out, and, seeing the occasion, severely reproved the

barbarity

barbarity of the other children: then taking Julietta in his arms, he allowed her to hide her face on his shoulder, while he listened to the kitchen-maid's commission; which simply said, that Mr. Belfour wished Mr. Moore to take care and not make his daughter too learned. Mr. Moore smiled, and, wishing the kitchen-maid good day, took Julietta into the school-room, where, to change her attention, he showed her books with prints. These had an instant effect: her sorrows were forgotten, her tears dried up, and, as Mr. Moore explained the prints, her countenance became so intelligent, that he saw that she would do him credit. He then tried if she recollected what he said, and found every word remained impressed in its proper order. He next asked if she would like to be able to read what he had read. Her delighted look was the answer; and the business of the alphabet commenced. Her attention was so intense, that Mr. Moore perceived the A B C would scarce be a lesson to her; but, fearful of disgusting her with too much at the beginning, he desired her to go and play. Julietta again looked terrified

and

and disconsolate, and, keeping her eyes fixed on the book, showed how much she would prefer to continue at her lesson. But Mr. Moore saw the necessity of conquering this sensibility to her personal defect, and, taking her by the hand, led her shrinking and abashed into the play-ground. Speaking aside to the elder boys, he charged them not to let the rest call her names; and then, though penetrated with her look of entreaty, he retired to the house.

Julietta was too dispirited to exert herself; and the children, after once more satisfying their curiosity by staring at her, resumed their play. Julietta sat down at a distance on a bank of earth, with her vacant eyes fixed on the children: she saw not their sports; she thought not of her lesson, that had so interested her a moment before; the sound of 'little hunchback' grated on her feelings, and occupied her thoughts. From this state of reverie she was roused by a confusion, and screams from the group of children. A dog that they had been worrying, and trying to fasten an old kettle to his tail, had turned on them, and seizing

one

one of the children by the clothes, had thrown him down, and was shaking him. The rest were running away as fast as their fears would let them. Julietta immediately knew her father's pointer. The faithful animal had followed on her footsteps to the school; she called him 'Carlo! Carlo!' Carlo immediately quitted the child, and came prancing up to her, while she ran to see if any accident had happened to the little boy. The rest of the children stopped, but, not venturing to approach the dog, remained at a distance, while Julietta raised the roaring boy from the ground. She found his face covered with blood: he had not been bitten by the generous Carlo, who only shook his clothes, but in falling his forehead had struck against a flint. Julietta had been used to assist Mrs. Rowley to dress the cuts of the servants, and had some lint and salve in her pocket. She wiped the blood carefully from the wound, and with her scissars cut off some skin that had been raised. Then spreading the salve on lint, she applied it to the wound, and bound up the whole with her pocket-handkerchief. The

wondering

wondering crowd had collected close round her; for Mr. Moore, on hearing the noise, came from the school, and was observing her at a little distance; so that Carlo was no longer feared. When she had finished Mr. Moore came up, and, turning to the other children, "See," said he, "this little girl whom you treated so rudely! How useful she is, and how ready to do you a kindness! Are you not ashamed of yourselves?" It was the first time the voice of praise met the ears of Julietta: her eyes glistened, and her heart was consoled: the little children seemed to follow her with respect; for, even at that early age, the mind is acute to cultivate those who are likely to be useful to its wants.

A very few weeks were sufficient to make Julietta feel herself at ease among her school-fellows: her deformity became familiar to them, and was forgotten, while daily acts of kindness and real service gradually won their little affections, and made her be considered with much esteem. Still, as she went and as she returned from school, she was exposed to the insults of thoughtless children,

who

who ran out from the cottages to look at her. The same delicacy of feeling, which at so early an age made her alive to the misfortunes of others, made her sensible to her own, and the poor unhappy girl lamented with tears of despair the calamity for which she saw no cure. She found a lonely way by the side of the river, near half a mile round, by which she could go from home to school without observation. This solitude gave her mind a taste for reflection, and traits of early thought began to mark her character. Unable to romp with her schoolfellows, her habits became more studious, and her application more steady; and, perhaps without any natural superiority of intellect, in the course of three years she was far advanced beyond her schoolfellows in all that was taught at school. Her gentleness and patient assiduity made her the favourite of her schoolmaster, and the peculiarity of her unfortunate situation occasioned the preference which he showed her on all occasions to be viewed without envy. At the age of thirteen she was perfect mistress of the more scientifical branches of arithmetic;

 and

and she wrote with ease a hand which had all the appearance of the most laboured care.

At this time Mrs. Rowley's eyes and memory began much to fail her. One evening Julietta was sitting by her side marking some table-linen, while she was puzzling her head with a long set of accounts, which she had delayed from week to week giving in to Mr. Belfour, from her inability to balance them.

"I do not know what I shall do," she exclaimed. "My master is getting quite testy about these nasty bills, and I cannot for my soul bring them right."

"Will you let me help you?" said Julietta quietly.

"You must have got on well at school, child, if you can. Surely you cannot do the golden rule, and I am positive they cannot be done without it."

"I will try."

"Do, child. If you can, you will be worth my eyes to me; for I can scarcely see one figure from another."

Julietta set patiently to the labour; and, after overcoming the difficulty arising from

Mrs.

Mrs. Rowley's bad handwriting, she quickly cast up and balanced the accounts. Mrs. Rowley was surprised, and not a little delighted, as she anticipated a considerable saving of labour to herself in future. She gave her more accounts to look over and correct. In these Julietta found a mistake of five pounds charged to her father. She showed it to Mrs. Rowley, who assented to it, saying, "This accounts for the four pound I had in my pocket, and a penny I gave a beggar-woman, and elevenpence I laid out in snuff, and nineteen shillings to buy me a cap and edging. You are a very good child, and perhaps you may be the better for what you have done for me. So now set about and copy out these accounts in the week-book in your very best hand."

In a quarter of an hour Julietta had performed her task; and Mrs. Rowley, having looked at it with approbation, put up her spectacles, and posted away to Mr. Belfour. Mr. Belfour felt a common and no very weak interest with his housekeeper in his dearly beloved accounts, and Mrs. Rowley had ac-

quired an influence over him, and a familiarity in talking to him, which no other member of his family possessed.

"See, sir," said she on entering, "I have brought you your accounts at last, and I believe you will find them right."

"Why, this is not your hand, Mrs. Rowley. Whom have you got to help you?"

"Who but your own daughter, miss Julietta? She wrote these, and looked over others, and has saved you five good pounds that I carried against you by mistake. I mean no disparagement to my mistress, but I fancy neither she nor miss Clara would have done as much in a short time. Ah! it was all my foreseeing. I got you to send her to school, and I dare to say she will well repay the expense."

"Upon my word, Mrs. Rowley, I never saw a neater hand, and the balance is quite right. Saved me five pounds, did you say?"

"Yes, five good pounds sterling."

"Well, you may send her up sometimes with the accounts yourself; and if she will be of use to you in housekeeping, you may as well

well pay off her schooling, and let her come home."

Mrs. Rowley was very well pleased with this conclusion, and again commissioned the kitchen-maid to go and pay off Mr. Moore. Julietta left the care of her kind instructor with regret, but she resolved every sunday to pay a visit to the school. She could not but feel some importance in her new advancement, humble as it was, since it proceeded from her own industry. Her mind was growing more comprehensive, she began to feel the neglect of her family, and earnestly to wish to recommend herself to her parents. The respect she had met at school prevented her mind from being humbled and debased by the sense of her personal misfortunes; her disposition, instead of being timid, was collected; and she looked forward with curiosity rather than apprehension to an interview with her father. This took place the next week, when Mrs. Rowley desired her to take up the accounts to Mr. Belfour. She tapped at his room-door; and as she had neither learned to love or to fear him, her heart beat quick

 only

only from the strangeness of a new situation. Cold as Mr. Belfour was to every thing but calculation, he could not help smiling at the composure and gravity with which the little personage before him walked up and laid the book on the table. Seeing no distress in her countenance that called for encouragement, he proceeded to examine the accounts, asking her from time to time questions respecting the items, which she answered with a tone of simplicity and intelligence which gave him a good opinion of her understanding.

"And so, my little princess," he cried, when he had finished, "you are qualified to be my housekeeper?"

"I wish," replied Julietta, after a slight hesitation, "to do the duties of a daughter; and as far as the care of any of your concerns makes a part of them, I shall not dislike it because it appears low."

"Upon my word, you are a little orator. Your mother would have given her eyes to have had Clara say any thing with so much point. It will plague her extremely to see

her

her favourite outdone: so mind and come here before dinner, and I will make you sit at table."

"If I am at all disagreeable to my mother, pray do not take me."

"Come, no moralizing, or you will spoil all. I am inclined to behave very well to you; and positively you shall hereafter be as well treated as Clara, if it is only to keep down my wife's confounded vanity in her favourite. Go, and do as you are bid."

Julietta had now indeed a severe trial. Mrs. Belfour, being forced by her husband to sit at table with a daughter whose presence was an humiliation to her, and knowing that her spite could invent nothing to wound the impenetrable breast of Mr. Belfour, determined to wreak it on the unhappy and unoffending Julietta. She received her with a look of chilling haughtiness, that was intended to sink her to the floor, and, without deigning to speak to her, began to titter with Clara, and by significant looks to let Julietta see that her deformity was the subject of their merriment. But Julietta was too much used to

insult to be much affected by it. On her entering the room she forgot her father; she scarce felt the unkind reception of her mother; for her whole soul was entirely absorbed in contemplating the incomparable beauty of her sister Clara. The very laugh which was directed against herself, so well became a lovely mouth, and gave a brilliancy to such dark shaded eyes, that Julietta could never suspect that it could be inspired by malice and folly. She saw the form of an angel, and never doubted but it breathed from a pure and intelligent soul. Her only wish was to make herself worthy to be noticed by such a sister; and she sat, unconscious that the neglect shown her was any thing unusual, waiting for an opportunity to make herself agreeable. Her father was busy looking over some accounts. Mrs. Belfour and Clara, weary of forced laughs, which produced no impression, were yawning till dinner was announced, and Julietta beginning to wonder how those who had nothing to do could be so tired. At last Mr. Belfour, who had been observing the scene with

more

more indignation perhaps towards his wife than pity for his daughter, rose up, and, looking round,

"What," cried he, "is my little orator dumb? Clara, what is become of your wit? Mrs. Belfour, have you nothing to say to your daughter?"

"You brought her here, you may entertain her yourself."

"So I will, madam. She saved me five pounds: could any of the present company do as much? I believe not. What is more, madam, I will invite all my acquaintance to-morrow, and introduce her to them. I dare say *they* will talk to her when they know she is to have half my fortune."

"You don't mean, Mr. Belfour, to have her here when there is company?"

"Yes, I do, Mrs. Belfour."

"Are you distracted? I shall sink into the earth, I shall die with confusion. Have you a mind to murder me?"

"A very great mind, if the sight of your daughter will accomplish the lamentable event."

"Good

"Good God!" cried the wondering Julietta, "what is the meaning of this? Father, how have I offended my mother? My mother, what have I done?"

"What have you done?" said Mrs. Belfour with eyes kindling with venom. "Don't you know that you are humpbacked?"

Julietta clasped her hands over her face, and fell upon the floor. Mr. Belfour ran to raise her, crying, "This is too bad, too cruel, even for Mrs. Belfour."

Julietta kissed her father's hand; and turning to her mother with a spirit that surprised them, "Deformity of body," she said, "is an evil, but it is most painful to those who bear it; but there is a deformity of mind—Ah, how cruelly I feel that another must be its victim!"

"Bravo!" roared Mr. Belfour: "point, point! quite unanswerable! Not a word in answer, if you please, Mrs. Belfour. 'But there is a deformity of mind'—that is it, worth the other half of my fortune." And so he continued vociferating, keeping Julietta behind him, that though Mrs. Belfour spit, sputtered, and

almost

almost screamed, she could not make a word intelligible, but burst into tears. Julietta's heart, which had been stung by resentment, was softened by the sight; and she would have thrown herself at her feet: but Mr. Belfour prevented her, and sent her to Clara, while by arguments which he best knew how to use he compelled Mrs. Belfour to reason.

Julietta approached Clara with a heart palpitating with the dread of another repulse, yet with a little hope, which the affection she had conceived for her encouraged. "Am I too so very disagreeable in your sight, my sister?" she asked with a tone of voice which would have created pity in a generous breast: but the spoiled unfeeling Clara did not hesitate to reply with silly coarseness, "I should not mind your look so much myself, but really my father must be beside himself to think of bringing you into company."

"Alas," cried Julietta, with streaming eyes, "if you, good as you are lovely, cannot endure me, I must hate myself. I

thought

thought my deformity had been a misfortune which might have been pitied, but I see it is a crime which excites abhorrence."

Resistance alone makes man respect the rights of his fellow creatures. He acknowledges no reciprocal obligation of morality where there is no strength to enforce it. The negro like the brute becomes a beast of burden, and conscience is not offended; but let the oppressed assert their rights, and respect follows from resistance. The boy who has been the drudge of the school, with one blow in the face of his tyrant, rescues himself from degradation, and, though beaten at the moment, is regarded as one that cannot be trampled on with impunity: and this resistance to injury is the only ground of morality between one being and another. Thus it fared with Julietta, whom Mrs. Belfour, unconscious to herself of the reason, began to treat with some respect; and even Clara left off her affected airs of superiority. Dinner passed without any more tittering, and Mr. Belfour, from a spirit of opposition to his wife, was even kind to his daughter. But no

attentions

attentions could raise the unhappy Julietta from her state of depression : she seized the first opportunity of going to her lonely room to mourn without restraint.

Julietta, by her father's commands, was now considered as a part of the family. She was always present at meals, and sometimes sat in the morning with her sister; but she always shrunk from her mother's presence, or the notice of a visitor, and buried herself in the solitude of the most unfrequented spots she could find. Despair of exciting any sympathy in her fellow-creatures began to sour the benevolence of her disposition. Who can love that does not expect a return? who will labour that is hopeless of approbation? She recoiled from the sense of abasement, and the dangerous project entered her mind of making herself feared by those in whom she despaired of exciting regard. She began to cherish a satirical turn, which was more congenial to her talents than her disposition, and to tire of the exercise of benevolence which was hopeless of reward.

One day as the evening was closing dark,

and

and she returned from a melancholy walk along the side of the river, she perceived a figure in black bending over the brink. In a moment he disappeared; she heard a splash of the water, and concluded that he must have fallen or thrown himself in. She ran to the spot, and saw him struggling still upon the surface of the water. All her misanthropy was in a moment forgotten: the stream had borne the man a little way down, where some willows branched from the bank. She took hold of a bough and gently descended in the water: her feet slipped from the bank; but her clothes made her almost buoyant; and keeping her hold fast with one hand, with the other, as the unfortunate floated by her, she caught his coat and drew him towards her. The poor old man seemed to recover his recollection; and finding his feet touched the bottom, in his turn he extricated Julietta from her dangerous situation. When they were both upon the bank he looked upon her little figure with extreme surprise; nor did Julietta with less survey his dark sallow countenance, his black penetrating eye,

which

which at once spoke pride, dignity, care, and intelligence. The stranger first broke silence, and, taking Julietta's hand, "Who," said he, "are you, to whose courage, in risking your own, I owe my life? I have a passion for botany, which I indulge, notwithstanding a giddiness in the head to which I am liable. This seized me as I was stooping to gather a water plant. I fell into the river; and if you had not been passing by, and had not been more than human, I must have perished. To you I owe the few unhappy days I may yet linger here. Tell me who you are, that if possible I may make you a recompense."

"I am Mr. Belfour's daughter; but do you think that the pleasure of saving a life is not enough to pay me for being wet? But I must run home to dry myself: and so ought you; for, if we stand talking here, we shall both catch cold."

"As you are Mr. Belfour's daughter, money will be superfluous to you: but come to me; I can be of service to you, and must show my gratitude to my little preserver."

"But

"But how shall I find you, sir?"

"Do you see that low hill, about half a mile to the left, where the mist is rising?"

"I see."

"And below that a wood?"

"Yes; there is the haunted house."

"That house is mine."

"Yours? can you be lord Marsham, the—"

"I am——the miser you would say. But neither let that nor the haunted house terrify you: come to me to-morrow evening, for you will find that I can be of service to you. Will you come?" he said with a smile that seemed strange to his features; but Julietta understood it, and assented. He shook her hand, and walked away. She looked after his tall dark figure, as it faded in the dusk, and then ran home to dry herself with a gayer heart than she had for some time known.

She now regained some degree of complaceney. She had saved the life of a fellow-creature; she had interested one person in her welfare. Her confidence again seemed to return. The next day she ventured to look

up,

up, though there was company at dinner; and her curiosity about the man whose life she had saved made her venture to join in the conversation, in hopes of leading it to her object. The sense of her observations caused surprise, though no applause was expressed; and when she saw that she had gained some attention, she asked who it was that lived at the haunted house.

She had started a favourite topic of conversation; and immediately there was a contest between the company, who should tell the most wonderful stories of him. He was represented by one, as a man who had been guilty of great crimes, and had a troubled conscience: by another he was said to have been very amiable till he was crossed in love: a third said, he was so proud that he could live with no one: but all agreed that his house was haunted, that he was a man of great talents, and a miser. Julietta heard much to increase her wonder, but little to satisfy her curiosity; and the moment dinner was over, and she could make her escape, she hastened with no little impatience to

keep

keep her engagement. She felt a lively emotion as she passed the spot where lord Marsham had fallen into the river; and notwithstanding all that she had heard to make his character suspicious, she could not but be interested in a man whose life she had saved.

She went on according to his directions: she reached the deep wood, and saw the corners of a great house peeping at long distances through the trees. Just as she passed the mouldering buttresses of the gate, she saw him approaching through the avenue. Anxiety, perhaps mixed with fear, made her stop a moment; but she thought to herself, 'Shall I be afraid of the man who owes his life to me?' and, conscious of the force which gratitude had over her own breast, she ran to meet him.

"I was afraid," he said, "you would not come, that you would have been afraid of me, and I was going towards your father's in hopes of meeting with you: but I see you are a superior little girl; and though it is long, very long, since I have loved any one, I should have regretted not knowing you more."

"I came

"I came away the moment dinner was over; and though I heard a great deal to make me afraid of you, yet you are the only person I ever met that seemed to care about me, and I should have been very sorry not to see you again."

Singular as it may appear, a mutual affection commenced between lord Marsham and Julietta: they felt themselves necessary to each other, and walked towards the house with the familiarity of old acquaintance. The appearance, however, of the house made Julietta's prepossessions in some degree return. At school lord Marsham and his house were never spoken of but with terror, and now she entered this dreary abode the same idea forcibly recurred to her. They passed through vast untenanted apartments, where dirt and decay eclipsed their former magnificence, and spoke the penury of their present owner. In one, the painted ceiling had in part fallen down; in another, the rich tapestry hung from the walls; in a third, sumptuous sophas and gilded chairs of velvet lay in a pile of ruins on the floor. The sight

was melancholy to Julietta, but her conductor passed on without making any observations. They came into a gallery, and passed down to a door at the end of it. He opened it; and they entered a small library, which, instead of being desolate like the other rooms, had an appearance of tolerable comfort, and received from a long window, opening on the park, an air light and cheerful. Implements of drawing, plaister busts, and maps, were scattered on the table; two globes, a large telescope, a theodolite, and instruments of surveying were on the floor. An organ filled a recess in the room; and in a corner was placed a table with tea-things, cakes, cream and fruit. Julietta looked round with an air of satisfaction, and was not prevented by the presence of lord Marsham from examining every thing that attracted her curiosity: while he seemed to have laid himself out to please her, and to overcome the repugnance she had probably formed against him from the character which he bore in the neighbourhood. Julietta was examining a box of oil colours, a palette and

brushes

brushes with a perplexed and inquisitive look.

"Do you want to know what their use is?" asked lord Marsham.

"Yes, very much."

"Come with me, then, and you shall see." He opened a small door, and Julietta found herself in a large room hung with oil-paintings, figures as well as landscapes. She seemed in a palace of enchantment. At first the brilliancy which reigned every-where confused her; but her attention was soon fixed on the first picture that met her eye, and her delight and amazement contended for utterance.

"Who could have thought it possible? They seem as if they were alive: and how they continue to look at me, whichever way I go! What a beautiful young man that is coming from his chair! No, he don't look at me; he looks at that other young man who stands so modest: he don't seem to mind the rest, though they are finer drest, and carry fine things in their hands. Dear me! I be-

lieve it is . . . . No, it cannot be . . . Is that Joseph, and that his brother Benjamin ?"

" You are right," said lord Marsham, " and you have flattered me more by finding it out than the praises of the best judges would have done."

" Is it possible ? Did you do that ?"

" Yes."

" And all these too ?"

" Yes ; with those brushes and little bladders of colour you saw in the next room."

" How astonishing !"

" Not at all. With moderate application you might do as well in a few years. If you are not afraid of me, I will teach you."

" Oh, how I shall thank you ! But it is too good in you, for I shall never be able to repay you for so much trouble."

" You forget that I am a little in your debt beforehand, and you may receive a good deal of instruction from me without being afraid that you will draw on me for more than I owe you. But come, let us go to tea. I wish to excite your curiosity, not to satisfy it ;

it; and if you come to me often, I hope to be of real service to you."

Julietta quitted the room with reluctance, but rejoiced to meet with such cordial encouragement to make frequent visits. She began to entertain the highest idea of lord Marsham, because she wished too ardently, to judge patiently, that the only friend she was likely to make should deserve her affection. Her desire to please drew from her every winning attention, and all the little stock of observation which she possessed. She felt that she should not lose esteem by being better known, and indulged in the open vivacity which so well becomes youth when it does not spring from vanity. But it was not necessary that she should be clever, or well instructed, to gain the friendship of lord Marsham. When youth addresses age, it is sufficient that it wishes to render itself agreeable in order to be so. Lord Marsham was infinitely pleased with his little chattering companion, and was even compelled to laugh at the mixture of oddity and cleverness with which she expressed the opinions

she had formed from solitude and her own feelings, unassisted by the experience of any other person. In his turn he wished to conciliate the affections of one who had rendered him so essential a service, and who seemed so well qualified to give amusement to the days she had preserved to him. He saw that the hesitation with which she first advanced to acquaintance with him was quite vanished, and had given place to admiration. To strengthen this effect, he mixed in his conversation such observations, anecdotes, and points of science, as would be new and striking to Julietta, and yet within her comprehension. Without departing from his gravity, he gave an ease to his manner that released her from restraint; and by exhibiting from time to time little traits of his own character, he led her to a reciprocal confidence. With any other girl of Julietta's age the attempt would probably have been vain; but she had been so used to sedentary habits, and the gravity of her own thoughts, that there was nothing in lord Marsham's manners that constrained her, or prevented

her

her from giving all her attention to the novelties that arrested it.

Thus the child of fourteen and the septuagenary parted with mutual regret, but not without an engagement from Julietta to return the next day. She was so little attended to at home, that she was mistress of her time, and not, like most children, made a slave from constant care and attention. In the course of the evening she had given her new friend the little narrative of her life, and expressed with ingenuousness her bitter grief at finding her deformity close the hearts of all her relations against her. He avoided the subject of her personal misfortune, but desired for the future that she would consider him as her parent, and his house as her home. She returned delighted with the novelty of all that she had seen and heard, and with a heart beating quick with hope and expectation of more happiness than she had hitherto experienced.

On her return she entered the drawing-room, still flushed by her walk. Mr. Belfour looked up, and could not avoid being

struck

struck with the animation of her countenance, so different from its usual and wan dejection.

"Upon my word," he said, "Julietta looks far from ugly! Where have you been this evening, child?"

Julietta replied, "At lord Marsham's;" and, being further questioned, related the accident which brought them acquainted, and then asked leave to continue her visits.

"You really are a very extraordinary little creature," said her father. "I fancy, though Clara is twice as tall, she would have been afraid of wetting her shoes. No; I have no objection to your going to lord Marsham's. They say he is very disagreeable; but he would be a bear indeed if he did not treat you well, when he owes his life to you."

There was a tone of praise in her father's voice which completed Julietta's satisfaction. Benevolence again gave warmth to her heart, and vigour to her mind. She assisted Clara to embroider; she obtained leave of her mother to darn a rent she had made in a fine muslin gown; and her little fingers performed the work with so much delicacy, as to

draw

draw from her mother the first word of kindness which she had uttered, "I thank you, my dear."

She went to bed contented with herself, and in charity with all mankind.

Julietta again visited lord Marsham; and conceiving a greater attachment to each other the more they became acquainted, she did not pass a day without walking to the Priory. Lord Marsham possessed an extreme fastidiousness of taste, which might have made a girl so young an object of little interest to him. Gratitude first fixed his attention on her. Her goodness of heart veiled her deformity, and her want of prejudices gave an appearance of philosophy to her thoughts, which supplied the place of knowledge. Julietta, on the other hand, felt an interest in lord Marsham, because she had risked her life for his; and loved him because he seemed to love her. His knowledge was so far beyond her comprehension, that it excited her wonder rather than her admiration. Two people meet of similar tastes, but independent interests. The first may unite without

the latter clashing. Such is the whole 1
tery of affection.

Lord Marsham at first always avoided
ideas that led to Julietta's deformity.
knew the power of association in making
intruder of a painful subject disagreeabl
and though the intended service he h
hinted was pointed to this object, he woul
not enter upon it till he was certain that h
had established himself with some firmness
in her affections.

When he saw that she not only regularly
came every evening, but would seize any
little excuse to walk over in the middle of the
day, he thought that he might venture to give
some pain to her feelings, without lessening the
pleasure which she received from his society.
But he did not think it just (for he was one
of the few who maintain strict justice, even
with a child)—he did not think it just to
probe her feelings, without first submitting
his own to her examination, and he resolved to
take the first opportunity of putting her in
possession of the most marked traits of his
character. This opportunity occurred.

On

One evening when Julietta, in defiance of a threatening shower, went to the Priory, soon after her arrival it began to rain; and lord Marsham, foreseeing a wet evening, sent a message to Mr. Belfour to ask leave to keep Julietta with him that night. Julietta was very well contented; and lord Marsham rang for his housekeeper to show her the bedrooms, that she might chuse which she liked best. A venerable old lady appeared, with hair white as snow, supporting her steps with a gold-headed cane. "Mrs. Lomond," said lord Marsham, "I will thank you to show miss Belfour the bedrooms, that she may chuse which appears the most comfortable; for I hope she will often inhabit it."

"I will, my lord. If miss Belfour will pardon my slow pace, she shall see every one, for they were all washed and swept last week."

Julietta went with her, and found that Mrs. Lomond had reason to call her pace slow; for one foot crept so slow after the other, that it would have taken a long time to

see all the apartments. She therefore determined to fix upon the first she came to; but, on entering it, it was so large, grand and gloomy, that with the power of choosing she could not chuse this. Yet, pitying poor Mrs. Lomond, she begged her to let her continue the search by herself; for, as the lower rooms seemed too fine, she would go up stairs, and chuse one smaller. After a little contest, from a wish to do the honours, Mrs. Lomond consented, and said that she would wait till miss Belfour returned.

Julietta closed the door of this suite of apartments, and tripping up the stairs she reached the second story. She paused a moment, to decide which door she should open; and, thinking how sweet the view was from the library window, she tried to find the room over it. She entered it, and her choice was decided. It was smaller than the room below, but neater and more airy, and had the same view. A small tent bed stood in the recess, but the bedding had been taken away; and it appeared not to have been used for some time. On a round table lay a flute,

 and

and a violin with broken strings, a number of old mathematical instruments, and the same kinds of paints and brushes which she had observed below stairs: but all seemed old and long disused. The room was hung round with several pretty drawings, prints, and a few pictures: among the latter Julietta observed two with green silk curtains drawn before them. Curiosity led her to draw the curtains. The pictures were portraits of two remarkably handsome young men, though the style of the countenances was very different. The one nearest the window was far the most beautiful. The features were cast with the regularity of Grecian sculpture; the eyes were dark and expressive, deepened by the shade of the eyebrows; the cheeks were firm, and of a burnished red; the lips crimson and full; the hair crisp and curled, like an antient Roman's: but there was an air of haughtiness in the whole expression which seemed to demand admiration rather than to entice sympathy. The other portrait, which stood opposite, over the round table,

would

would have been reckoned very handsome if seen without its companion: the features were less regular, the cheeks thinner; but there was more vivacity in the eyes, while the lower part of the face seemed gradually to soften into a pensive benevolence, such as captivates the heart at first sight. Though Julietta had been attracted by the first, she continued to gaze on the latter, wondering how a mute portrait could almost become an object of her affection. At last, recollecting that she was keeping Mrs. Lomond waiting, she drew the curtains, and left the room in a more contemplative mood than she entered it.

When she returned she did not find Mrs. Lomond: but supposing that the old lady had been tired by waiting for her, she looked no further, and returned to lord Marsham.

"Well, Julietta, have you fixed on a room?"

"O yes, a very nice one, with prints round it: I believe it is the one over this."

"Indeed? How could you get in there?

It is always locked. But I remember that I gave the key to Mrs. Lomond to clean the windows; I suppose that she left it open."

Then, to Julietta's surprise, he fell into a reverie: a deeper gloom overcast his sallow countenance: his eyes seemed to follow some imaginary object; and his lips trembled, while from time to time they moved to speak, but the sound died away. A deep sigh at last burst from his bosom; and, after a minute of great perplexity to Julietta, he seemed to recollect himself, and, walking to the chimney, rang the bell.

"If I have made an improper request," said Julietta, "pray forget it. I have been used to sleep any where, and only chose that room because it was the least fine."

"No," replied lord Marsham, "you have not made an improper request. Fate has directed you to the choice of that room, and I obey it. This night you shall receive from me an explanation I have long been meditating."

A long silence followed, which was not

 inter-

interrupted till Mrs. Lomond opened the door. Lord Marsham raised his head.

"You will get the room above stairs ready for miss Belfour: I mean the room over this."

"What, my lord?" cried Mrs. Lomond, surprised and trembling.

"Do you not hear me? the room with the covered pictures."

"The *haunted* room, my lord?"

"You foolish woman, have you a mind to drive me mad? Do as you are bid."

"Oh, my good lord," cried Mrs. Lomond, more and more terrified, "pardon your poor old servant; but indeed I shall not be able to get the house-maid into that room: though, if your lordship will have it so, I must make the bed myself."

"Well," said lord Marsham, "miss Belfour and I will go up there, and then perhaps the girl will find courage enough to make a bed. Julietta, you will come with me. I am sure you are above these fears of an old woman."

Julietta

Julietta was a little infected with the fears of the old woman, but she had too much sense to let them conquer her understanding; and though she felt more suspicion from the mysterious conduct of lord Marsham, she thought that she had better show no appearance of mistrust, and readily followed him. They went up stairs, and Julietta fancied that she perceived lord Marsham's knees trembling, though he held the banisters. His emotion seemed to increase as they approached the room; and when he entered it he was obliged to catch hold of a chair and sit down. Julietta's compassion overcame her tears, and she ventured again to speak to lord Marsham.

"Why will you distress yourself on my account? Pray, pray let us leave this room: the next, or any other, will do as well."

"No, good Julietta, I am not distressed. It will soon be past. But it is now some time since I have been here; and there are remembrances that cling to every object in this room, which sometimes overpower me."

He then rose, and walked backwards and forwards, then stopped opposite to the picture which stood over the round table, and seemed as if he wished to draw the curtain, yet dared not venture. Thus he continued pacing the room, and gazing on the veiled picture, without minding the maid, who came in with a pale face, which the light she brought marked more with terror, to make the bed. Julietta's heart was beating quick with the most painful of human feelings, suspense. She looked alternately at lord Marsham buried in his own thoughts, and the terrified maid, who hurried over the making of the bed as quick as possible. A terrible suspicion began to enter her mind, that lord Marsham was deranged in his intellects, and that the crimes which had driven him to madness were somehow connected with the room in which they were. She fancied that the maid surveyed her with pity; and when she saw that she had nearly finished, and would soon leave the room, she was ready to try and make her escape with her. But the dread of giving pain to lord Marsham withheld her;

and

and the consideration that she might lose the only chance of a friend on earth, determined her to sit still, and conquer the exaggerated fears which spring from the proneness to the marvellous, to which the human mind inclines.

The maid finished making the bed, and, setting the candle on the table, with another look of compassion at Julietta, left the room.

Julietta involuntarily moved towards the door; when lord Marsham turning, she perceived that he had wept, and the tears still trembled in his eyes. Every fear was again lost in compassion; and going to him, she took his hand, and asked what it was that grieved him so much, and if she could comfort him.

"Look, Julietta!" he cried, advancing to the portrait that hung next the window, and drawing the curtain: "in that young man, so proud in health and youth, does there yet exist any resemblance to these bilious features?"

"Is it possible you were that young man How beautiful!"

"Such I once was; but youth and beauty are small losses. I have lost——" and then advancing to the opposite side of the room, and tearing open the curtains of the other portrait with vehement emotion, "This was my friend. Ah! so he looked, so spirited, yet so gentle! so full of mirth, yet so sad if another suffered! O Edward! forty years that I have lived without thee, have left me no consolation but that I still can weep. I thought thee a miracle of self-immolation; but what didst thou suffer which I have not endured, multiplied by years and embittered by thy loss?" Rising sobs choked his utterance; his face declined to his breast, and he wept like a child. Julietta could only kiss his hand, and bathe it with her tears; till, finding that every time he looked at the portrait his emotion was renewed, she ventured to draw the curtains. He then suffered her to lead him away to a seat, and gradually became more composed,

A long

A long silence succeeded, which Julietta would not interrupt, till lord Marsham had quite recovered his tranquillity. She then pressed him to leave a place which seemed so painful: but he replied, "The worst is past, I shall not again forget myself. I have observed that I have at times raised your wonder, if not your suspicion; and to put an end at once to this state of mistrust, I have determined to give you a few traits of my history.

"My father died, and left me in person such as that picture represents me. I may safely say that I had many virtues even then confirmed, while my faults existed but in the seed. But I was a lord, and wealthy far beyond my wants; and this was sufficient to extinguish the first, and to cherish the latter. However, while I was yet in appearance all that was amiable, I became acquainted with Edward, and our friendship increased to a height which I believe never was paralleled. His affections were open, generous, and charitable; and, when once I became their object, I engrossed them; and no faults of

mine could lessen their attachment. My situation had made my heart more reserved and fastidious; and it required perfection, such as existed in Edward's character, to make it capable of love. But it seemed that, when once my feelings were roused, they were stronger even than his: and, when I became fully attached to him, I felt it would be impossible ever to regard another. That he was familiar at so young an age with all points of science; that he was a poet, a painter, and musician, surpassed by few, were the least of his merits. He was gentle to all; and the happiness he felt in his own breast seemed to expand around him, and make all others happy. But I alone knew and possessed the treasures of his heart.

"As I advanced in life, my faults were ripened by my rank and situation. I felt no reciprocal ties with other men, because I knew that they dared not enforce them. If I was rude and negligent, I still met the same respect and attention that other men are forced to acquire by making themselves agreeable. Thus I became unsociable. My

tastes

tastes were simple and unexpensive; but my wealth was so great, that if I had been more profuse I still should have hoarded. From seeing my wealth accumulate, I gradually acquired a love of money.

"Every one seemed to think so much of me, that I soon learnt to be anxious about myself. If I looked pale, a hundred inquiries were made about my health. If I had a cold, a physician was sent for; and so many faces of concern about me gradually impressed on me the belief that my constitution was delicate, and I became an hypochondriac.

"Edward must have seen my faults: but knowing that, unless he could extricate me from rank and fortune, there would be no chance of curing them, he thought it better to be silent, than constantly to speak on a disagreeable subject. I have fancied that, in the concern they gave him, he found a new motive to love me. Be that as it will, for ten years that we lived together in the strictest intimacy, a word of reprehension or reproach never escaped him; and at the end

of ten years our friendship was more en
thusiastic than when it first commenced.
seemed to be a peculiar privilege of
stories of pleasing which he possessed, th
their variety was inexhaustible, and witho
satiety. It was at the end of ten year
after many imaginary disorders, which onl
gave Edward an opportunity of showing hi
patience in enduring my follies, and his ten-
derness in soothing my apprehensions, that
I was taken really ill. On coming from
London to this place, my blood was in-
flamed by the journey; and at Exeter I had
slept in a damp bed. I had scarcely arrived
here, when I was seized with head-ache
and shivering, and was obliged to lie down.
It was now, when Edward had real grounds
to think me ill, that the strength of his
friendship appeared. He never left my bed-
side, and, when a shivering seized me, he
seemed to feel it through his whole frame.
As my illness increased, his fears became
more vivid: he could not regard my alter-
ing countenance without tears. He pressed
my hands, and kissed my temples; he ex-
horted

horted me to support myself, while he seemed to sink even faster than I did. The physician who attended me, on the second evening took Edward out of the room, and told him that my disorder began to show appearances of a scarlet fever. Edward desired him to conceal it from me; for he knew that in such a case I never would allow him to approach me. It was then his whole conduct altered: as soon as he knew my danger, he saw how necessary it was that my spirits should not be depressed by the injudicious fears of those about me. Alone he resigned himself to tears; but when he entered my room, he was cheerful and occupied; and so well did he counterfeit, that I was confident the physician thought me in no danger; and my courage was supported. But Edward, poor Edward, lived in the arms of infection. It was his favourite idea, that a friend should supply to the sick all the offices of a servant, with that tenderness which the sick-bed requires, and which a friend only could feel. He never allowed a servant to enter my room, but

supported

supported me, made my bed, gave me my medicines, watched me by night for a whole week, when my disorder yielded to his care. My love for him was increased beyond expression. I now felt the real value of a friend, and looked forward to my recovery with pleasure, only that I might show my gratitude by giving up all my life to serve him. Alas, I had scarce begun to walk, when I saw his paleness, which I had ascribed to watching, increase. As he supported me, I felt him trembling. 'Edward,' I cried, 'you are ill.'

"'How can I be ill,' he replied, 'when I see you so well?'

"He had scarcely spoken when he fainted at my feet. Terror gave me strength to call the servants. One of them inconsiderately said, he hoped Mr. Mortimer had not got the infection. 'What infection?' I cried. Alas, I needed no answer; the whole terrible truth flashed upon me. 'O Edward, ill-judging Edward, you destroyed yourself and me!'".

Lord Marsham's emotion became so great that

that he could not proceed. He no longer wept, but his breast was violently convulsed. Julietta's tears and apprehension first made him recollect himself. He made an effort to subdue his feelings and continue his narrative.

"A long delirium, from which I slowly recovered, saved me half the horrors of my situation. But, when my sense returned, it was to convince me that I must hereafter consider myself as a bereft and solitary being, an ascetic in the midst of this world of business and pleasure.

"The faults which Edward's unassuming influence had kept restrained, had now ample liberty to spread and root themselves. His soul seemed to have inspired me: with him all my amiable qualities seemed to have perished, and the natural aristocracy of my character resumed its ascendant.

"It was no wonder that, when to the fastidiousness of rank and talents was added a taste accustomed to the virtue and refinement of Edward, I met with no one whom I could endure. I was at so little pains to conceal the repugnance I felt in society, that

even

even my rank and wealth could not preserve my acquaintance; and, despising the world and hated by it, I withdrew to this solitude, to mourn my loss without interruption.

"Here, without any object for my affections, or my hopes, the secret avarice of my character, which dared not show itself before the generous Edward, became a necessary stimulus, and my sole enjoyment. It has by habit gained strength, and engrossed every feeling, except the deep regret which I shall carry to the grave.

"My imagination too, reft of all pleasurable food, turned its activity to torment me with constant fears for my health. To save myself from ennui, I became hypochondriacal. I laboured under a constant apprehension that my intellects would become deranged, till by the use of quack medicines I almost produced the injury which I dreaded.

"Such, Julietta, are my faults. Faults! why do I call them so? They are rather the diseases of a mind made delicate by greatness, than gashed by suffering. I am too sensible of

of them myself ever to hope to cure them. But I own my apprehension that you cannot reconcile yourself to them, and live with an old man who acknowledges himself a misanthrope, a miser and hypochondriac. But it is this object which I have had in view in thus tearing open my old wounds. You are aware that you are deformed in person. I am aware that I am deformed in *mind*. Let us mutually bear with each other's imperfections: it is now too late to expect our cure."——He paused, and held out his hand. Julietta sealed the convention by kissing it. The old man smiled through his tears, and continued:

"I see you are as excellent as I supposed. It is singular that your voice and habits of thinking remind me of Edward; and you have roused a spark of that affection which I thought extinguished for ever. In truth, I grow old and helpless.

"I feel the want of children, of some one who cares about me, and can assist me. How nobly have you proved that you have the ability! Will you then let me consider

you as a child, and request of your father to let you live with me?"

Julietta's full heart had need of relief. She threw herself into the arms of her venerable friend, and gave free vent to the tears which flowed from a thousand emotions which she had never felt before. It was no longer lord Marsham the miser whom she embraced: it was the friend of Edward Mortimer.

"There only remains one appearance to clear up," continued lord Marsham. "You are too sensible to mind stories of ghosts; but, that you may not be affected by the idea of this room being haunted, I will explain the mystery. At the back of that closet is a door which opens on a staircase communicating with the room below, where I formerly slept. While I keep this door locked, I often visit these relics of poor Edward; and my groans, which at times have been heard, have given rise to the foolish report in question; which has not been discouraged by me, as it preserved this room sacred. This room was Edward's. He chose it for the same reason that

you did; and you cannot imagine how much pleasure this coincidence gave me. And now good night, and go to rest, my love. I have tired your spirits too much. To-morrow we will talk of other matters. May the consciousness of having made an old man happy bless your rest!"

Lord Marsham left the room; but Julietta felt no inclination to sleep. Visions of times long gone seemed to haunt her. Every object around her called the past into existence. "The last person that slept in this bed was Edward Mortimer. These were his pencils and colours. The last time that violin sounded, it was touched by his hand." Once more she drew aside the curtain to view those features, now she was acquainted with the soul which once inspired them; and they agreed with all that she had heard—Gentle, benevolent, animated. "And all is past away," she thought, "and I speak with the dead." She shuddered, and closed the curtain. Her feelings had been wound up to the highest pitch, and nature claimed repose. Her heart felt exhausted, and her ideas almost ceased to flow. Yet her eyes refused to close;

 and,

and, long after she had lain down, the m
Edward Mortimer was upon them. G
ally it mixed with her dreams, and she
into a deep repose.

The next morning Julietta did not a
till late; and, seeing the sun shine high
her chamber-window, she hastened to dr
herself. The melancholy impressions of t
former night had faded during sleep, and sh
became sensible to the happiness of her new
situation. She possessed a friend whom she
esteemed; she suffered no unnecessary re-
straint; and had the prospect of learning
several accomplishments, that would give her
the happiness she could not expect from so-
ciety with her fellow-creatures. "I shall
learn," she thought, "all that Edward Mor-
timer knew. I will get lord Marsham to
talk of him, and then I can imitate him
better. He said that I reminded him of his
friend; yes, I will be like him. Foolish
girl!" she exclaimed aloud as she raised the
curtain. "Ah, how beautiful *he* was! Poor
deformed Julietta, thou wilt never be loved!
To what purpose should *I* learn any thing?
What

What I do may be admired, but no one will ever care about *me*."

The gleam of gladness which had enlivened her passed away, and with a grave step and melancholy countenance she went down to lord Marsham.

When she entered, he saw that her smile was forced. He inquired tenderly how she had slept, if she was unwell, and blamed himself for having distressed her so much the night before.

"Ah no," replied Julietta, "it is not that which makes me sad. I was in spirits till something came to remind me of my deformity."

"My child, you must conquer this useless sensibility: what cannot be remedied, ought as little as possible to be thought of: half the evil of moral as well as personal defects is the importance that is set upon them. You cannot imagine how insignificant in an old man's eyes these refined perceptions of moral and personal beauty appear. Take half the value from what we admire, and

add it to what we despise, and our judgment of things will be more correct. Exaggeration is the vice of the human mind Be assured that you consider your personal defects too seriously. But I see by your look that I am not using the proper means to convince you. Tell me, would you take advice from Edward Mortimer? Here," continued he, taking a paper book from the table, "is a manuscript I found among my friend's papers. Without a defect himself, he only felt more for the defects of others; and though endowed with symmetry of form, his thoughts were constantly occupied on the means of alleviating the misfortune of personal deformity. Take it, and read it with attention when you are alone. It is the choicest gift which I can bestow on you."

Julietta imprinted a kiss on the manuscript as she received it, and placed it in her bosom.

"But tell me, Julietta," resumed lord Marsham, "are you really so humble as you appear to be? Have you no consciousness that

that you have mental endowments which may balance your personal defects? What is your opinion of your talents?"

"Exaggeration is the vice of the human mind," replied Julietta archly.

"More than I expected," said lord Marsham laughing. "You are quite conceited. And so you really have discovered that you are a singular instance of early talent?"

"No. I only supposed that I had not yet met with clever people; and that it was their want, not my abundance of learning, which sometimes, I own, made me draw comparisons with less humility than I ought."

In this manner they chatted during breakfast. Julietta was instructed, and lord Marsham diverted: and on these grounds they seemed tacitly to have formed their convention of friendship. After breakfast lord Marsham took from his drawers three large keys, and went out on business; and Julietta returned to her room to read the manuscript.

From an impulse of romantic superstition

she placed herself opposite to th
pressed her mind with awe a
and, at the end of every paragr
the features, while she endeav
grave the precepts on her heart.

ON PERSONAL DEFORMI

DEFORMITY is an evil which is
less disagreeable because it is invo
Feelings of dislike are excited in pro
to the duration of defective qualities or a
and the only reason why so much s
laid on the will, is because it gives syste
repetition to actions.

We think slightly of involuntary vice
as it arises from no motives, there i
chance of its being repeated. But we
hold the actions of a madman with dis

and horror; for here there is a certainty of their continuance.

The casual disorders of the young, if they affect us at all, excite interest and pity, because they are temporary. But the pains of the old, and hereditary diseases are concealed through shame, because their inveteracy inspires disgust.

In the same manner deformity, as it is incapable of remission or cure, can never be regarded with indifference. It is the general custom to console the feelings of those who are afflicted with this calamity, by the common observation that they could not help it; and to conclude, that where there is no fault there can be no fear of aversion.

But this idea, as it is contradicted by the nature of human feelings, which are influenced by the duration of evils, and by their voluntarity only as it ensures their duration, will always deceive the poor sufferer; nay, more, it will prove injurious, if it can be shown that a just sense of the evil of deformity may make it productive of the greatest advan-

advantages. When an evil is boldly examined, the remedy will at least be manly, and more probably effectual; and the following attempt will not deceive the calamity which it seeks to heal.

Let a deformed person consider that the mind is happy when its enjoyments bear a great proportion to its misfortunes. Let it be acknowledged that deformity is a great evil. Still it is in our power to increase our enjoyments, till they indefinitely overbalance it. Be industrious, that you may obtain competent wealth: be studious, that you may acquire knowledge: be virtuous, to conciliate esteem; and be moderate in all things, that you may secure happiness. When you feel that you are wise, independent, esteemed and happy, and that the sense of your deformity has stimulated you to these exertions, can you consider it any longer as having been an evil?

Still, it will be said, Of what avail are learning, wealth, and honours? These can never overbalance the evil of deformity to a heart that can love, and wishes to be be-

loved,

loved, yet must wish in vain. Can these compensate the want of a mistress or a friend? Or what is the happiness which cannot be participated?

It cannot be concealed, that this is the most bitter misfortune, and has always been thought the most irremediable which attends deformity. There is a fastidiousness in affection, which shrinks more from this defect than from the greatest moral turpitude.

Still, however, there seem to be principles in the human affections which would induce us to believe that deformity, when the sense of it is wisely directed, might not be unfavourable to attachment.

Pain, it is known, will sometimes exalt pleasures, provided they are more numerous: thus discords produce harmony; a quarrel will increase affection; and difficulties always nourish and inflame it. The sickliest child is generally the most beloved; and all our pleasures tend rapidly to ennui, unless there is some variety of labour, difficulty, or apprehension to support a more active interest

terest in them. In the same manner, is it not possible that deformity, accompanied by virtue, wit, and feeling, might give rise to a more exalted love than could be produced by these pleasing qualities alone?

Pity and contempt, though productive of opposite effects, are nearly allied. Pity arises from misfortune associated with qualities of a pleasing nature, and is inclined to love. Contempt is excited by misfortune associated with qualities of a disagreeable nature, and is inclined to hatred. Deformity, therefore, in proportion as it is accompanied by peevishness, melancholy, and misanthropy, will give rise to contempt, and produce hatred: in proportion as it is accompanied by virtue, talents, wit, and amiability, it will give rise to pity, and be productive of love.

It is likewise plain, that all distinction of shape and feature gradually grows weaker from long acquaintance. Deformity, perhaps as connected with pain, makes a stronger impression on the imagination than beauty. Still, however, each day contributes to weaken its effect; and, if eclipsed by the brighter

qualities

qualities of the mind and heart, will cease to be felt: or, according to the ingenious theory of Hartley, will fall within the limits of pleasure.

Though the artificial delicacy of some minds may revolt from this reasoning, they must allow it to be in part, if not wholly just. Amiable qualities will always have the effect of counteracting those which are unamiable; and we may conclude, that as many evils are the instruments of good, so the mind of the deformed should consider its misfortune as the strongest incentive to exertion, to attain every excellence pleasing and useful, that may counteract and efface the disagreeable impression caused by personal defects, till it converts dislike into pity, and pity into love; fascinating the heart by knowledge, wit and delicacy, and fixing it by benevolence, tenderness and virtue.

When she had finshed the manuscript, it seemed as if a mighty load had been moved from her breast: hope gave elasticity to her mind, and shook from it the despondency which

which had oppressed its powers. The grateful conviction that she still possessed the means of making herself beloved; the anticipated glory of success in an effort so difficult; the security with which she could repose on an attachment which was not founded on the caprice of beauty, but on her talents, her temper, and powers of pleasing—all presented themselves to her imagination, and filled her heart with happiness. "Yes, amiable Edward," she exclaimed, "your benevolence shall not prove visionary, if constant attention to your precepts, and an unwearied labour to accomplish them, can produce their effect. I will disarm the malignity of mankind, by becoming useful to their wants; and I will overcome their disgust, by being agreeable to their favourite tastes. I see, I see how it may be done. Beauty only attracts affection; it is temper, talents, virtue, by which it is fixed."

She wished for an opportunity to make a trial; but she deceived herself in thinking her plan so well understood: her mind still was uncertain in its efforts: it comprehended

what

what was to be done, yet knew not how to accomplish it.

But her heart was at present too full to endure much thought. With tears of gratitude in her eyes she considered the lifeless image of Edward, and kissed it with religious fervour. 'If thou,' she thought, 'couldst pity me, surely I am not unworthy to be loved by others!' She returned to the library, where she found lord Marsham.

"Well, Julietta, you have read my manuscript. What is your conclusion?"

"O my father, you have given me more than life; you have given me hope and happiness."

"If every one considered my child with my eyes, she would not despair of meeting affection warm enough to recompense her virtues. But do you enter into Edward's ideas?"

"Entirely. As I never can be attractive, I wish nothing so much as to render myself amiable; and will gladly abandon the wish for admiration, if in its place I may gain esteem. But I am a little perplexed which way

way to turn myself. I know it must depend on myself to govern my temper: but in my situation it is not enough not to offend; I must also be able to please; yet I scarcely understand the means.

"No wonder: it is what all mankind attempt, yet how very few succeed! But you have a more urgent motive than common; and though I may seem an odd instructor in the art of pleasing, I shall not despair of our success. You must consult all the tastes which are productive of permanent pleasure, or exalted happiness: if you can supply their proper food, you will also become an agreeable object, and be identified with the pleasures you afford. Consider the eye and the ear, and what powers painting and music possess in contributing to their delight. You have a softened voice, and, I make no doubt, will sing melodiously, if not powerfully. With many this syren accomplishment will hide all personal defects. You must apply yourself to instrumental music and painting; and application alone will insure your success.

"You must by no means neglect the

pleasures

pleasures of imagination. You must possess yourself of the magic powers of poetry, rather with a view to understand the excellencies of others (a sure claim on their sympathy) than to exhibit your own.

"Your personal defects expose you to contempt; raise yourself by the superiority of your mental endowments. You must make yourself mistress of all sciences, natural and moral philosophy, even politics, and political œconomy. So inferior in personal beauty, you must not be content to be only equal in mental perfection. In one scale you have nothing; you must have more than the counterpoise in the other.

"But take care not to push your application to an excess that may injure your health and spirits. A merry idler will be more loved than the most learned splenetic. Regular, not excessive application must be your road to knowledge.

"But tremble lest your superiority should ever lead you into the appearance of insolence or contempt. You will be hated as the worst of aristocrats, a literary aristocrat.

"All

"All these accomplishments are exc
in their way; but still they will only op
you the affections of those particular ii
duals who have a taste for them. But
is one accomplishment whose enchan
is general over the rudest and most ref
and which has been known even to
age an object of desire: attain it, an
formity becomes a zest to love. I mea
art of conversing agreeably. A pain
musician, a patriot, philosopher, and
may be no objects of our affection: b
heart can be indifferent to a companior
is agreeable to it."

"Ah," interrupted Julietta, "this is
I despair of."

"Why so?"

"It must be so difficult!"

"Less than you imagine. You hav
rits and good humour: these are the fir
gredients. Take care that no excess
bour or idleness, of pleasure or self-d
destroys their vigour. It is not by f
of wit and genius that you must se
please. On the contrary, at no time

a

a wish to shine; but suppress all brilliancy, if it is doubtful that it may eclipse rather than entertain. A playful benevolence, which will constantly suggest agreeable and useful ideas, and avoid all that can weary, offend, or constrain society, must be your principal object. In a word, be the friend, not the rival of your companions. Store your mind, and exert its vivacity for their amusement, not to sit aside in cold superiority, or to speak only to depress. Above all, whatever you say or do, let it be with ease: if you feel constrained, you lay constraint on society; and the most witty ideas, if delivered with pain, will excite no pleasure."

"But I shall never be able to do that. In company I can scarcely speak; and when I do, I am so ashamed—"

"Yet there is nothing at which you ought to blush more than at this false shame. You ought to know no fear but the fear of giving offence, and of hurting the feelings of your companions. The timidity of manner which

 arises

arises from this cause is always amiable: but the bashfulness which makes you tremble before your fellow-creatures, will always make them look on you with contempt. To be considered by others as on a level with themselves, your manner must show that you consider yourself as such. Avoid the appearance of inferiority, as much as of superiority; and be at your ease in company, without being assuming. Never pay unusual respect to rank or wealth, nor exaggerated respect to virtue and talents. All merit is less than it appears at a distance; and it is a true sign of good-breeding, to treat all mankind with respect, but none with preposterous deference."

"I did not before," said Julietta, "perceive the meanness of bashfulness; and I will not in future give way to it as I have done. I understand what you mean by good-breeding. I have seen at my mother's, a lady, of the name of Fortescue, whom every one likes, and pronounces to be remarkably well bred. She seemed to pay me as much attention

as my sister Clara, and tried to encourage me to speak; but I was a little fool, and lost the opportunity of making her my friend."

"I know Mrs. Fortescue: she is the only person with whom I continue any acquaintance. She is truly a well-bred woman. She is above the middling class, who, from their great deference to public opinion, seldom acquire that openness and independence of acting and speaking which marks good-breeding: yet her rank is not so great as to make her negligent of other people's feelings.

"I have but a few words more to say on this subject. If you would be respected as a well-bred person, never talk about other people's affairs: seldom give your opinion of any one; nor blame any actions which do not affect yourself. It is a species of interference which will not be borne, to show a meddling disposition in what does not concern you. If a man cheat you, you have a right to expose his knavery, to prevent similar losses; but if he be a miser, a drunkard, a debauchee, he alone will suffer from his con-

 duct.

duct. You have no business to expose him, but should treat him with that common civility which is the claim of every person who has not injured you. While you show this respect to mankind, you tacitly insure it to yourself; and by preserving this reciprocal distance you will gain esteem; without which your powers of pleasing would degenerate into buffoonery.

"Make yourself agreeable, and make yourself respected. This is the whole art of the sçavoir vivre, which never has had its proper importance: if you acquire this useful art, you will find that in spite of your personal defects you will be mistress of the human heart.

"But come, Julietta, it is not sufficient to talk; we must begin to do something. Let us go to the painting-room, and I will give you a lesson; bring the brushes, the colours and palette.

"See," said lord Marsham when they were seated, "with what ease and quickness I sketch this face; how careless I seem in putting on this colour: it is what is called dead colouring.

ouring. Yet this facility is the result of the
›st minute labour, and you must be con-
ıt to acquire it by slow imitation. There—
have finished the outline of the features.
'e will call it a Brutus. I wish to give it
ıt openness and dignity of countenance
ıich springs from a brave and free spirit."
" How it seems to have grown on the
ıvass! What a delightful art! Ah, there
ll be no labour in painting whole days."
Julietta then began to copy: but she could
t help expressing her dislike of her own
ıches as she proceeded: though she seemed
place her whole soul on the canvass, yet
· execution was far behind what she meant
express. " How crooked all my lines are!
hat a frightful long nose! What little eyes!
.e is higher than the other."
" Courage!" cried lord Marsham, " you
l be a painter; for you are not satisfied
h your faults. It is enough that you com-
hend what is right; the execution will
ne by practice. No practice would cure
-sufficiency. Correct what you find

wrong. Do not be afraid of rubbing out the chalk. There—that eye is much better."

"Well, this is some consolation," said Julietta, as she continued rubbing out and altering. "Well, now I think it is improved. There—I have widened the nostrils; and the nose looks shorter. It does not look so bad now."

"Ah, I see you begin to get satisfied with yourself," said lord Marsham laughing. "Come away, for your eye is getting accustomed to its faults. We will walk out a little, and on our return it will again look on them as strangers."

They went down by a back staircase from the library into the park; and as Julietta expressed her pleasure in the freshness of the air, and the cheerfulness of the country around her, lord Marsham asked her if she did not perceive the utility of mixing out-of-door amusements with sedentary occupations. If you had continued painting too long, the smell of the oils would have affected you with lassitude; and if we stroll about here

till

till we are tired, this cheerfulness which you feel will vanish into insipidity. Let us go into the garden, and see if the fruit begins to ripen, and then we will return to our painting."

When Julietta again entered the painting-room she looked eagerly at her copy, but no longer received the same impression with which she had left it.

"How could I be satisfied with it? It is twice as small as yours; and the face has no resemblance."

"Very well, I congratulate you on your discernment. Rub it out, and begin on a larger scale."

Julietta again set to work, and after half an hour of copying and correcting she was again satisfied with her work.

"Now let us try another experiment," said lord Marsham. "Bring that looking-glass, and we will see if your eyes have been deceived by accommodating themselves to the picture before them, and if it will appear the same in the looking-glass."

"Ah no," said Julietta, looking in the glass; "the face is quite crooked."

"Well, I will not plague you with any more corrections. Give me the crayon, and I will alter the face, and you will then see more plainly where you have mistaken the proper distance. You see that you have always placed the eyes too widely apart; there ought only to be the interval of an eye's length between them. You do not leave distance enough between the eyes and the eyebrows: each feature is too small: if any thing, they ought to be larger than those of nature; for they will be seen at a distance. However, from what you have done, I see that you will make a quick progress: only remember always to leave your picture for a time, or to view it in a looking-glass."

The strength of Julietta's mind seemed to consist in application. When lord Marsham pointed out any faults in her drawing, she would quietly begin the whole over again, and did not regret her labour if it produced the least improvement. Her eye, by being constantly

constantly corrected by a temporary repose, or by the looking-glass, acquired correctness; and every day she executed her copies with more exactness. But when she began to overcome the first difficulties of colouring, success inspired her with a passion for the art; her application became immoderate, and the elasticity of her spirits was unavoidably depressed.

Lord Marsham saw the extreme to which she was inclined: but he was one of those who thought interference and advice ought rarely to be exerted, even towards children; and, instead of checking this impetuosity of application by a severe look, he thought it better to dissipate its eagerness by a new object.

One evening, when the want of light did not bring Julietta from her easel, lord Marsham went to seek her. Business had kept him from the painting-room in the morning; and when he looked on her canvass, he was surprised at the excellence of a head which she had been painting. It seemed as if the poor deformed Julietta had been gifted with the

most

most exquisite taste for beauty: for, though the copy was not so well coloured as the original Venus, it excelled it in the smoothness of outline which marks female loveliness.

"You really will be no common painter. But have you forgotten, my child, that you had resolved to undertake many more things? Did we not talk of music?"

"O yes, my father. I have indeed been a little bewitched by my new acquirement, and have forgotten every thing in it. But I do not wish to please judges of painting only. I remember what you said of music and conversation. Will you continue to teach me?"

"Come then, my love, into the next room. You never have heard the organ: it is some time since I have played on it: but what we learn when young is not forgotten when we are old."

Lord Marsham played several pieces from Purcell and Handel, and sometimes accompanied the instrument with his voice. Julietta expressed herself as much delighted

with

with music as with painting; and when lord Marsham desired her to sing, she did not yield to a false shame, but complied without constraint or affectation. If nature had shown herself a niggard in embellishing her person, she seemed to be the more prodigal in every other respect. Lord Marsham was struck with the Doric tone of her voice; so liquid, clear, and powerful, that the graces of art would have lessened its effect by taking something from its simplicity. Lord Marsham became every day more and more delighted with his pupil, while the facility with which she comprehended his instructions made them a pleasure rather than a labour to him.

Painting and music became recreations; and the hours of study were divided between English composition and the reading of history, natural and moral philosophy, metaphysics, and political œconomy. Every new acquirement appeared to Julietta a grace that concealed her deformity; and her avidity to improve herself was so great, that lord Marsham was constantly forced to remind her, that her health,

health, spirits, and temper depended
certain degree of leisure and exercise;
he would mount his horse himself to
her ride regularly.

Two years insensibly glided away;
while lord Marsham found tranquillity i
benevolent exertions, Julietta attained a
gree of accomplishment and knowledg
beyond the general standard of society.
drew with accuracy and imagination
painted beautifully: she understood the t
of music, and added the correctness o
ence to the sweetness of her voice.
were few books of real science which sh
not read, and of the principles of whic
had not made herself mistress. Her
was polished and informed. She exp
her ideas in prose and verse with forc
elegance. Her natural good sense
strengthened by habits of reasoning;
her discernment was quickened by th
varieties of ideas which she had collecte
books.

At the same time, as her whole objec
been to please, she was neither pedant
conc

conceited; but she had acquired a sense of her own worth sufficient to preserve her from too great a deference to the opinions, or too abject a submission to the insolence of the petty tyrants of society.

Julietta sometimes observed with pain, that lord Marsham had not exaggerated his faults; that he was proud, and negligent of all but herself; that he was whimsical about his health, and devoted to the hoarding of money. But she had learnt from him to tolerate vices which did not concern her. She considered that he loved her, notwithstanding her deformity; and she determined, in return, never to let his defects dwell on her mind. This wholesome forbearance contributed to the equality and command of her temper, and gave her little person an appearance of matronly dignity, which controlled lord Marsham while it enchanted him; and in her presence he carefully avoided any appearance of his faulty habits. Without any explanation, they seemed to have a mutual understanding. Julietta always withdrew to her

her tasks, to give lord Marsham an opportunity to arrange and settle the accounts of his wealth, or to write letters to his brokers; and he would shorten his favourite occupations to ask her to ride in the park, or to plan some new improvement in the pleasure-ground.

Julietta frequently paid visits to the school, and to her family. At home she practised her lesson of making herself agreeable and respected; and she applied lord Marsham's instructions with such judgment, that, though her father, her mother, and her sister disagreed among themselves, they began to treat her with attention, and even with kindness. When she met company there, her manners were so easy, and her efforts to please so unassuming; her conversation so entirely free from vulgarity, ill-nature, or officiousness, that the pity which was expressed at her being so deformed, was always accompanied by the observation that she was a very good-natured, well bred girl.

She no longer felt a blind admiration for Clara, who was as weak as she was beautiful.

l. Julietta saw her sister's faults, and con-
dered them with indulgence, without at-
empting the useless impertinence of reprov-
ng them; and Clara, fearing neither a rival
nor a monitor in Julietta, gave her as much
affection as she had to bestow.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of her
father and mother, when one day the two
sisters brought down stairs a large frame
carefully pinned in a table-cloth. Clara,
with an air of mystery, took out the pins, and
t the cloth fall. They beheld Clara's por-
ait more lovely than the original.

"How like, how beautiful!" exclaimed
rs. Belfour. "Whom could you get to do
? What did you pay for it?" said Mr. Bel-
ar.

"It was all Julietta's doing, mamma.
e had a mind to surprise you; and that
as the reason we were locked up so often
my room."

"Julietta's painting!" said her mother,
uch moved. "Come here, my child, kiss
e, and forgive me that I have been a stran-
r to your merit so long."

Julietta

Julietta threw herself into her mother's arms, and bathed her bosom with tears: even Mr. Belfour could not behold this scene unmoved, but tenderly embraced his wife and his daughters.

Julietta's home gradually became more pleasant to her; and as lord Marsham was occupied in the mornings, she now passed them more frequently with her family. It is true, that she was not blind to their separate failings: but, according to lord Marsham's maxim, it was not for her to criticise them, if they did not injure her: and this tolerance produced the very effect which is sought by reprehension: for, in consequence of not meddling in their little jars and quarrels, she maintained a distance and dignity which hushed them in her presence; or else, by proposing some employment, or some amusing conversation, or playful frolic, she diverted the ennui which was generally their cause.

As she grew older, and lost entirely the embarrassment of childhood, she acquired the full command of her powers. Always studious to please, yet without forgetting for a

moment

moment what she owed to herself, she acquired that happy mixture of sprightliness, ease, affability and dignity, which is the perfection of good-breeding. She now could calculate with certainty on the progress she could make in the human heart. Till known, she was always regarded with a slight disgust: on acquaintance she commanded universal esteem; and where she became intimate she was beloved by the coldest characters.

The young girls who visited her sister liked her better than any one else; for she could never rival them in beauty; and they set so slight a value on talents and accomplishments, that her superiority in these was beheld without any envy. They were satisfied that she amused them; and they could trust a secret to her better than to any one else: and, except themselves, they saw no one who had more pleasing manners. They did not inquire too curiously how these things came to pass, but satisfied themselves with the current observation, "What a pity she is

so deformed! She is certainly very sensible, and the best-natured girl living."

Mrs. Belfour, instead of being ashamed, began to feel some pride in her daughter, the protégée of lord Marsham. Under this impression, she said to her: "You are now eighteen, Julietta, and it is time you should go out. There is to be a ball at Exeter to-morrow, and if you like I will take you with me."

Julietta consented, on condition that lord Marsham would not want her; for, though she was so often at her father's, she never slept but at lord Marsham's, and never returned to his house so late as not to have an hour's chat with him before he went to bed. He saw with pleasure that she began to mix in society, and concluded from it, that her labour to make herself agreeable had not been employed in vain. His only wish was to see her, before he died, united to some man who was worthy of her. This would indeed be a triumph of intellect over form: but he consoled himself for its improbability, by considering

sidering that, if she lived single, she had that reasonableness which would give her content, and sufficient sources of amusement to make her happy.

Julietta accompanied her mother and sister to the ball, without any of the flutter which vanity raises in a female breast on such occasions. Her dress was entirely plain, yet neat, showing that she was sensible of possessing no pretensions from her person, yet of not having an excuse upon that account for carelessness or neglect. She did not follow the fashion, but had her clothes made to conceal her personal defects, so that when she dressed they were not so visible.

When they entered the ball-room, they found the company were not assembled; only a party of their young acquaintance, who, as soon as they saw them, ran up to them with marks of great intelligence.

"Do you know what has happened, Mrs. Melfour? Only think, Clara! Now what will you say, Julietta? All the world knows it. Don't you dying to hear it?"

"Take compassion then on our agonies,

 and

and let us hear it," said Julietta h
"Has any one's friend met with a
good fortune?"

"Now, Julietta, you never will ca
any news. How can you have so l
riosity? But you will be monstro
when you hear it. Do you know M
tescue?"

"What of Mrs. Fortescue?" said
with real curiosity.

"Her husband discovered a man
with her: but before he could get h
the spark leaped out of window; and
Mr. Fortescue threatened to kill his
would not tell his name."

"Oh impossible, impossible!" c
lletta.

"Nay, miss Julietta, you need n
very sceptical, when I tell it you fr
authority."

"I should be the same if I heard t
of you, my dear."

"Hear the same of me! That's
sible."

"And that is what I said of Mrs.

cue—for the same reason that I would not believe it of you, because her known character contradicts it."

"You are always so wise, Julietta. But mind if Mrs. Fortescue dare venture to come here this evening: and——" Mrs. Fortescue entered the room.

She was approaching the place where Mrs. Belfour stood, when she, Clara and the girls, with significant looks and suppressed titters, walked to the other end of the room—all but Julietta. Mrs. Fortescue stopped and seated herself on the other side, colouring deep with indignation. Julietta's heart throbbed with compassion. A woman, she thought, delicate and susceptible like myself, insulted so publicly! Shall I not go to her? Have not I been thus wounded? Yet if she should be criminal! Well, why should I be her censor? Will it injure me? Shall I be likely to follow her example? Will my purity be affected if I show her common civility? No, no. And if she should be innocent, could I ever forgive myself in having contributed to wrong her? The thought determined her,

and with an impulse of quick benevolence she walked across to Mrs. Fortescue. She had scarcely thought how she should introduce herself; but, recollecting herself, she said in her sweetest tone: "Lord Marsham desired me not to miss an opportunity of telling Mrs. Fortescue how much he wished to see her, and that she ought not to stand on ceremony with so old a friend."

"How good you are, miss Belfour! I have heard so much of you from lord Marsham, I long wished to be better acquainted with you. But you have taken such an occasion! Surely you must be ignorant that your reputation suffers at this moment by sitting by me! Ah no, I see you are not ignorant. Generous girl, I have not heard the qualities of your noble and excellent heart exaggerated. Thank God, this once you will not suffer by them! I see, by the looks of that group who left you, that they know the report which I was obliged to submit to in silence for this last week. But I can now explain it.

"My brother Henry was attending some

young

young ladies at the play, when an officer came in, and insulted them in a very brutal manner. Henry forced him out of the box; some blows were given; when they were separated, but not without giving each other their name and address. The consequence was a duel, in which Henry's antagonist fell, wounded, as it was thought, mortally. His friends were powerful; and as Henry had sent the challenge, it was thought prudent that he should fly the country. But he, poor fellow, could not exist without hearing every day what hopes there were of captain Maxwell's recovery, and he requested me therefore to conceal him in my room.

"It was there Mr. Fortescue discovered him; but as my husband came in with a friend of captain Maxwell's, whom I had engaged to bring me news of him, I was forced to submit to a very unpleasant altercation, rather than betray my brother, who had escaped through the window. I had at first been afraid to communicate the secret to Mr. Fortescue, from his habits of conviviality; but, in such an extreme, I thought it best to explain the

mystery. I was obliged, however, to l
Mellish go away undeceived; and th
story has gained ground. Fortunately, (
Maxwell has recovered surprisingly,
out of danger. Henry now can go a
See! he and Mr. Fortescue are just
in."

Julietta looked up, and saw a youn
of an expressive rather than of a b
countenance, with a characteristic m
which at once acquitted him of the
of a duellist. She felt her heart beat,
fancied that he approached them; but h
on, with a nod and smile at Mrs. Fo
to the group at the bottom of the room
out seeming to perceive her. Mr. Fo
joined them, and put an end to the
versation: but after Mrs. Fortescue ha
ed with him a little, she seemed to
get Julietta again to herself. But M
tescue exclaimed, in a squirish way,
good came of women's whispering.

"Well," said Mrs. Fortescue, "
will not let us talk, perhaps Miss Belf
favour us with a song, till these t

dancers make their appearance. I know she can sing, though I believe her modesty has confined the report very much at home."

"I would with great pleasure," said Julietta; "but though I own I feel no bashfulness in pleasing my friends, yet a public exhibition is seldom amiable. However, as you ask it, I will not make it of any importance by refusing it."

"My dear miss Belfour, I would be the last person to ask any thing that might offend real delicacy; but there are none but your friends present, and I will try to accompany you." To say the truth, she continued whispering, and looking to her brother, whose gaze was fixed on Clara, "There is a young man who has a small defect in his eyes, which I wish to remedy by an application to his ears."

Julietta understood her, and protested against singing; but Mrs. Fortescue would not now be denied: and at her desire they began the Maid of Selma.

Julietta intruded so little with her accomplishments, that even her family did not

know

know that she could sing. When they heard her voice and the unusual melody, surprise and pleasure brought the little party round her; and Henry Talbot, whose enchantment, forged by the eyes of Clara, was broken the last, found himself a wondering listener, without seeing who sung, on the outside of the circle.

Julietta's voice was at first a little tremulous: but when Mrs. Fortescue perceived that it had collected its powers, she ceased to accompany; and Julietta, without a seeming effort, continued the plaintive strain in a rich volume of Doric melody, worthy of the verse of Ossian.

"Good God!" exclaimed a suppressed voice, "what angel is singing?"

Julietta, encouraged, ventured on the most difficult rule of science, and executed a cadence so rapid and intricate, yet marked and clear, that it drew from the same voice an exclamation of "Wonderful!"

Julietta, now in full possession of her confidence and powers, raised her voice to so *high a pitch*, that every eye looked anxious

lest

lest it should fail; and then suddenly reaching, with the same facility, a note more high, more full, more clear, she vibrated on it so exquisitely, that the electricity seemed felt in every nerve of those who listened: and as she descended to a close, a deep sigh, that had been suspended in every breast, mingled with a murmur of applause around her.

It was not without some palpitation of the heart that she heard the same voice which had so loudly admired her singing, say to Mrs. Fortescue, who was receiving the overcharged civilities of the party that had turned their backs on her, "Maria, you must introduce me to that syren: I must dance with her."

"Very well. But see, she has got up, we must go round to her."

"Good God, she is quite deformed! I cannot dance with her."

"For shame, Henry! Will your vanity be so very much wounded in being civil to a worthy but unfortunate girl?"

Luckily for Julietta, she only heard the

first part of this discourse; and when Mrs. Fortescue introduced her brother to her, she slightly blushed, and said that she never danced; then added with a smile, "I can get you a partner;" and, beckoning to Clara, she introduced Henry to her.

Julietta had too much discernment not to see how happy Henry was in the exchange. Without any appearance of regret he resigned her hand, and accepted Clara's with a look that spoke him reanimated.

A gentle sigh escaped from Julietta, not unobserved by Mrs. Fortescue.

"Come, my dear miss Belfour," she said, "if you have had compliments enough, and I excuses, we will escape to a corner. I am glad that you do not dance; for, having a rational being to talk to, I shall find this place more agreeable. I am too old to dance, yet too young to play at cards; and, as I never talk scandal, I might as well be in a cloister as a ball-room."

Julietta and Mrs. Fortescue soon perceived that they were formed for each other. They possessed the same characters, except that

that Mrs. Fortescue perhaps inclined too much to pride, and Julietta to humility: yet the difference was suited to their ages, and did not prevent the sympathy which at once attached them to each other. Julietta received an unexperienced pleasure in listening to a well-informed and elegant woman, while Mrs. Fortescue knew how to appreciate Julietta's superiority to herself in attainments, and to love the unassuming meekness which softened the comparison.

Henry Talbot, by the cruel distinction which ruins a younger brother, was very poor. Mrs. Fortescue, from the same reason, had been obliged to marry a man of unamiable manners, and saw the necessity that her brother should not marry a woman of small fortune. As he was nephew to a peer, she thought he might pretend to one of the rich heiresses.

Clara at first had attracted her notice; but she soon perceived her weakness, and knew that the intellectual Henry could not be happy with a fool. She now could never pardon her the insult she had received from her;

her; and she saw with great anxiety, that her beauty had fixed her brother's admiration. Every thing attached her to Julietta. She had reason to know that her fortune would probably be greater than Clara's. She had every qualification but beauty, which soon ceases to please; and she began to flatter herself, that if the first impression of Julietta's deformity could be got over, her gaiety, her wit, her talents and temper, might fix the heart of her brother, and certainly would ensure his happiness.

She felt then no great pleasure, when, the first set of dances being finished, Henry, with a triumphant air, brought his lovely partner to his side, and looked as much as to say, "See, sister! is she not perfect?" But Mrs. Fortescue, who had wrongs of her own to resent, after a few words about the dances, did not hesitate quickly to turn her back upon Clara, and renew her conversation with Julietta. Her good-humour, however, was now a little forced, as she heard with no small vexation the exaggerated compliments that Henry was paying Clara, who received them

with

with a silly laugh, which Henry thought the mark of innocence and amiable simplicity. This did not end till another partner came to claim Clara, and Henry was left looking after her in profound reverie.

Mrs. Fortescue considered him a minute; and seeing him entirely absorbed, she got up, and said to Julietta: "I will be back again in a moment. I want to speak a word to Mr. Fortescue. Henry, you will entertain miss Belfour till I return."

Henry stared, and moved into the seat that Mrs. Fortescue pointed to him; and Julietta found herself, for the first time, tête-à-tête with a young man who was not formed to be considered with indifference.

It was not wonderful that her recollection, her ease, her powers of pleasing, all abandoned her in a scene on which she had so little calculated. She expected that Henry would try to relieve her embarrassment; but she was disappointed in this common politeness, and felt the greatest depression stealing on her spirits, as she saw chagrin more and

more

more visible on his countenance, at having his thoughts called away from Clara.

At length, with the air of a man forced to say something civil, "You sing very divinely, ma'am."

So coarse a compliment seemed to imply a poor opinion of her understanding; and Julietta could make no answer, but turned away her head, to bite her lips, and restrain the tears that were forcing their way.

"Are you very fond of reading, ma'am? I have heard you understand Latin."

"No, sir."

"Perhaps you prefer composition?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, you give up all your time to painting?"

"No, sir."

"The world are very much mistaken, then."

"I don't know," said Julietta, teased and humbled, and looking eagerly for Mrs. Fortescue.

A long pause ensued, during which both were

were eager to make their escape, yet neither knew how to stir. Mrs. Fortescue was looked for in vain; and silence became worse than conversation.

"Don't you think your sister very beautiful, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir."

"One must love beauty where one sees it."

"Yes, sir."

"She is as amiable as lovely."

"I don't know," said Julietta, not knowing what she said, and equally angry with herself and Henry. Another pause ensued. At last Henry thought of a happy expedient to release them from each other, and, in a tone of more animation, said, "You seem fatigued, ma'am. Shall I get you any refreshment?"

"If you please, sir."

Away he flew, and came to Mrs. Fortescue. "God," said he, "forgive your sins, sister! for I never will, for what I have endured these last ten minutes."

 "What,

"What, in sitting with an accomplished and worthy girl?"

"She may sing like a syren, or pray like St. Bridget, but I had rather be in my grave than pass an hour with such an idiot. A death's-head has a less solemn look."

"Take care of whitened sepulchres," said Mrs. Fortescue, with a side-glance at Clara. Then considering, that, though the singularity of the case might excuse some interference on her part, yet it was prudent to let things take their course, and leave time to correct Henry's error, she returned to Julietta without any further observation. Julietta, with her usual good sense, had not yielded to this little mortification; but though she was a little alarmed to find how much more difficult it was to forget a neglect from Henry than from any other person, she had recovered so much external composure, that no one but Mrs. Fortescue would have perceived that her spirits had been ruffled.

Julietta, afraid of being again left alone with Henry, asked Mrs Fortescue to go

nearer to the dancers. But Henry was again dancing with Clara, with a vivacity and good-humour which were displeasing to Mrs. Fortescue, and not very gratifying to Julietta. They withdrew therefore to a recess behind the card-tables.

"Your sister is certainly very beautiful, miss Belfour," said Mrs. Fortescue, "and I cannot be surprised at Henry's being so soon captivated; and yet I doubt if they are exactly formed to make each other happy. I speak to you," she continued, seeing that Julietta made no answer, "with the confidence of an old acquaintance. I wish I had a better right to that title; but my fondness for Henry makes me think that every one must feel an interest in him. I own your sister is exquisitely beautiful, and she seems very good-humoured: but Henry is so very intellectual, so very refined, that I doubt if he would not expect more knowledge and powers than a young woman of your sister's age is likely to possess."

She paused, and looked for an answer: but Julietta's eyes were fixed so steadily on the

floor, that it was impossible to catch their attention. She wondered to what point the conversation would lead, and her heart beat quick as Mrs. Fortescue continued.

"Though Henry is of high birth, and certainly of a form and character which might make him pretend to any woman, yet your sister's fortune could not be indifferent to him. However, I own that, if I were to choose for him, I should be content with much less beauty, with the addition of more good sense and powers of pleasing permanently, which, however Henry may deceive himself at present, are quite essential to his happiness. But you are very good in listening to my family cares. I must try to entertain you with something else, or I shall not get you to come and see me as often as I wish. Lord Marsham will be sorry that he has made you acquainted with me; for I will not allow him to engross you as he has done."

Julietta thought that she perceived, in Mrs. Fortescue's conversation, no very doubtful wish expressed that Henry should give her the preference to Clara; and though she saw the

impossibility of so singular a choice, she felt not the less gratitude to Mrs. Fortescue for her good opinion. Their conversation became more affectionate. They saw with regret the dances end, and did not part without an engagement of meeting in a few days.

Henry attended Clara to the carriage; and, absorbed in her, he left Julietta to ask from the servant the assistance of which she really stood in need, while he supported the tall and nimble Clara with as much care and anxiety as if she had not possessed the use of her limbs.

Mrs. Fortescue did not let it pass without a rebuke.

"I never thought that Henry would have sacrificed benevolence to politeness."

"My dear sister, how can one help overlooking that little thing?"

"Oh Harry, Harry! till now you had a good heart."

"And have still; but perhaps it is too much engrossed not to commit oversights."

As they drove home, Julietta, for the first time during many years, was grave and dejec

jected, and was not likely to receive comfort from the high spirits and volatility of Clara. During the whole evening her eyes had seldom wandered from Henry, and her heart had been fascinated by the animation and smiles intended for another. A too great susceptibility of attachment was almost the only weakness which approached her; but none could be more fatal to her peace, when there was so little prospect of her meeting a return.

She did not blame him for the little attention which he had shown to her, but attributed it to her own unaccountable constraint, which had deadened all her powers. Yet, even if she had been able to exert herself to the utmost, what hope was there that she should have been able to inspire him with the attachment which Clara seemed to have fixed without care or effort? She longed to return to lord Marsham to reflect upon this question, and either to look out for new powers of rendering herself agreeable, or to reconcile herself to the certainty, that no man *would chuse* her for a wife.

"Alas,

"Alas, Edward!" she thought, "your benevolence has deceived yourself and me. Your theory is only fit for romance. One short evening of real life has destroyed it all."

She endeavoured to convince herself of the unreasonableness of so sudden an impression; but she found how mute is reason when the heart is eloquent. Sympathy at first view attached her to Henry; and it was necessary first to discover what sympathy is, before she could prove it unreasonable. She felt that she had no thoughts for the subject, and she retired to bed bewildered rather than hopeless.

The next morning, however, restored the sobriety of her ideas. She determined, not to forget Henry Talbot, but to prevent any opportunity of seeing him again till the regret which she could not conquer should fade from the want of its object. Lord Marsham's increasing infirmities required her attendance; and she resolved to leave him no more, and to quit the world till age should

make the neglect of an amiable man indifferent to her.

She returned to lord Marsham: suffering, yet tranquil; thoughtful, yet studious to please; pained and disappointed, yet reasonable, and not indulging in the feelings that depressed her.

Lord Marsham saw that something had afflicted her; and from her silence he judged it to be of a delicate nature. To give a turn to her thoughts, he determined to execute a project which he had for some time thought necessary.

At night, instead of retiring to bed at his usual hour, he asked Julietta if she would sit up a little longer. "I have something to show you, my love, which will cost me some pain, as it will probably not increase your esteem for me: but it cannot be helped; I have taken the only means in my power to gain absolution. Will you follow me, my child? It will be best to take both the candles."

Julietta took the candles, not without some surprise,

surprise, while lord Marsham locked the door, and carefully examined the window-bars. He then opened the door which led to the staircase that ascended to Julietta's room. They were now in a small closet with two doors, one that opened into the library, and one that opened on the staircase. Lord Marsham locked them both. Julietta wondered to what purpose they were locked up in the closet, while lord Marsham kneeled on the floor, and seemed looking for something.

Julietta waited with patience, but not without astonishment; when lord Marsham rising said, "My eyes grow so weak I can scarcely see. Look, my love, on the floor, if you can find a small nick, such as is on the sliding-pencil. Julietta kneeled down, and soon discovered it; and, by lord Marsham's direction, slid about a square inch of the floor. On one side it discovered a key-hole; and lord Marsham pulling three great keys and one small one from his pocket, desired her to unlock it with the small one, and lift up the trap-door. She did so, and perceived

a small

a small stone stair-case. Lord Marsham descended first with a candle, and Julietta followed. She reckoned thirty steps, when she found herself in a narrow stone passage of great length, damp, and so close that she could scarcely breathe. At the end of the passage they came to a low iron door. Lord Marsham unlocked it: it opened on another stone staircase. Julietta again counted thirty steps, and found herself in a passage precisely similar to the former one, but standing at right angles to it. They passed on in silence, and came to another iron door. Lord Marsham unlocked it with the second key, and another staircase appeared.

"Pray," said Julietta, stopping a moment, "have you never heard a report among the servants of noises at this time of night, doors clapping, and the rattling of chains, hollow groans, and a lady that appears in a white robe, which from its rustling is known to be silk?"

"Yes, my love: what then?"

"Do you frequently go this way?"

"Yes,

"Yes, my love."

"Then the ghost resolves itself into this?"

"Yes, my love. But make haste on, I am afraid of our catching cold. We shall have hot weather: it is always a sign of it when these passages are damp."

They descended the steps, thirty as before, and proceeded along another passage, which ended in a third door, which was unlocked by the third key, and still another staircase appeared before them.

Will Julietta be forgiven, if her mind began to be affected with terror? if she looked with suspicion on her antient friend, while strange surmises overcame her better reason? Shame alone impelled her forward; but when she had descended the staircase, and traversed another passage, her limbs trembled, and could scarcely support her.

The steps which she perceived were always thirty, and the passages at right angles to each other. To what good purpose was so much regular design employed in so gloomy a place?

The

The last passage terminated in a vault. Julietta stopped.

"You have now, my love," said Lord Marsham, "gone round the whole house, the inside of the walls. The staircases descend through the towers at the corners; and we are now just sixty steps below the level of the hall-door, thirty steps below the cellars."

"And for what purpose?" said Julietta.

Lord Marsham went to the side of the vault; and, by the light of the candle which he held, Julietta saw a door studded with great nails and fastened by an iron bar and padlock.

He took another bunch of smaller keys from his pocket, and with one of them opened the padlock; then took off the bar, and with difficulty pushed back the heavy door on its hinges.

They entered an exceeding large vault unpaved, damp, and offensive to the smell. The candles burnt faint, from the foulness of the air;

air; and Julietta stretched her eye in vain into the darkness of the further end.

"This," said lord Marsham, "is the dungeon, of which my ancestors in feudal times seem to have made no little use. See, here are the remains of chains hanging from the walls; and here is a stone bed. What a place for the gratification of secret vengeance!"

Julietta could now perceive, as far as her eye could reach, a long range of iron chests; the one next her was of a remarkable size. Lord Marsham asked Julietta to assist him in raising the lid. They placed the candles on the floor. Julietta thought she saw something working in lord Marsham's countenance; but, convinced of the folly of showing suspicion, when it was too late to be useful, she assisted him to raise the lid.

How great was her surprise, when she saw it entirely filled with silver coins of different kinds, but mostly dollars!

"This is my treasury," said lord Marsham with a look a little confused. Julietta was silent. She would not be the hypocrite

enough

enough to express satisfaction; and as this great hoard had never done her harm, she had no reason to cry "For shame!" When the lid was put down she thought that all was seen; but lord Marsham opened the next, which was likewise full of silver. Two chests stood further on, the front of which let down, and discovered a set of small drawers. These were full of silver and gold medals, some of them of very great size, and altogether of im-immense value.

Julietta cast her eyes carelessly over them, and they went on to another chest. Lord Marsham opened it; and, to Julietta's increased astonishment, it proved entirely full of guineas. The next contained louis d'or; and two chests beyond were filled with foreign coin of every kind. These chests were of a much smaller size. But they now came to one equal to those which contained the silver.

"This," said lord Marsham, "is my great deposit."

He opened it, and showed Julietta that it was quite full of Portuguese pieces, each worth six guineas. Four iron chests of a

tremendous

tremendous size stood next. Julietta stopped before them with a look of amazement.

"Do not be alarmed, my love," said lord Marsham: "we will pass these; they only contain the family-plate."

Julietta saw no more chests, and was preparing to return; but lord Marsham unlocked an iron door in the wall, and took out two rose-wood boxes of no great size. The first contained family miniatures and mourning-rings set in pearls and diamonds. But the other was filled with diamonds of such size and lustre, that Julietta could have believed herself transported to the gardens of Aladdin.

Angry with herself for being surprised into a feeling of pleasure, at treasures which had ruined a mind more precious than them all, she closed the box, and said to lord Marsham, "Let us, my dear sir, return. I am afraid that you will feel the effects of being so long in this damp place."

"We will, my love. I did not bring you here from ostentation; for I knew you too well

well to think that you would love me bet[illegible] for this splendid insanity; but I wished th[illegible] some one should be acquainted with the pl[illegible] where my wealth is concealed. I have late[illegible] felt a kind of stagnation of life within me which tells me I shall not live long; and I do not wish to rob the world of the wealth which I have so long withheld from it. In my writing-case you will find the inventory and value of all that these boxes contain. The jewels are worth at least one hundred thousand pounds; and the coin, medals, and plate are to the amount of eight hundred thousand pounds. My estate brings me in not more than eight thousand a year; for I was personally acquainted, when young, with most of my tenants, and gave them very long leases: but when these shall expire the value of the property will at least be double."

Julietta again requested lord Marsham not to expose himself so long to the damp. He appeared more feeble than usual; and when they left the vault, he had not strength to raise the bar; but Julietta was forced to assist him. On attempting to ascend the steps, his

his knees trembled, and he was obliged to sit down. His look was so deadlily pale, and his breathing was so difficult, that Julietta expected him to faint; and looked round with terror on the lonely walls which seemed already to entomb them. Fortunately, lord Marsham recovered, and, leaning on her arm, found himself able to ascend. Julietta, though terrified, and expecting every moment that his strength would fail him, preserved her recollection; endeavoured to support his spirits; made him from time to time sit down, while she chafed his temples; and at length, after incredible anxiety and toil, they regained the library.

The fresh air revived lord Marsham, and he felt the oppression of his chest diminish; but his lassitude continued till Julietta, by his direction, brought him some æther; and after swallowing a little, he found himself recruited.

Julietta would not have left him, and wished to watch by him at night, but he assured her that his illness would not be material;

 and,

and, after tenderly kissing her, he retired to his room.

The next morning Julietta rose early, and, impatient to know how lord Marsham found himself, gently entered his room. Here every thing was still, and softly opening the bed-curtain, she perceived that he was asleep. She considered this as a good sign, and went to the painting-room to employ herself till breakfast.

She had not been much more than an hour at her easel, when Mrs. Lomond came with a message from lord Marsham, to request her to go to breakfast without him, as he felt himself inclined to sleep again. As this was not unusual, Julietta felt no alarm, but desired Mrs. Lomond to let her know when lord Marsham awoke; and, after eating a hasty breakfast, she returned to her work, in which she was not a little interested. She had been attempting to paint a likeness of Henry Talbot from recollection, and had succeeded but too well for the tranquillity of her mind The most familiar intercourse could not hav

impressed his image so deeply, as this effort of recollection, which in the complacency of its own success, forgot how fatally it was exerted against its proper interests. While her pencil streaked the vermilion on his cheeks, her own were dyed with a deeper carnation, and it was only the agitation of her heart, which recalled her recollection to a sense of the perniciousness of that indulgence which seemed so soothing and innocent. She was shocked at herself to think how the time had passed, without making any inquiry about lord Marsham; yet her hand had not the courage to efface the portrait, but she turned it from her, and placed it against the wall.

She found that lord Marsham still slept, and hoped that so long a repose would leave no effect of the last night's fatigue. She returned to the painting-room, and attempted a new subject; but her thoughts wandered, her hand was unsteady, and she could not please herself. She laid aside her colours, and going to the library, took up a book: but this was worse. Her eye ran quickly over

 the

the pages; she had seen the words, but they had conveyed no ideas to her mind; and she blushed when she found that this had been engrossed by Henry Talbot.

Determined to banish this pertinacious invader, she went down stairs to assist the old gardener in digging and weeding, that the labour of her body might counteract the relaxation of her mind.

As she opened the hall-door, she saw a carriage driving up the avenue, and guessed immediately that it could be no one's but Mrs. Fortescue's. She guessed rightly; and Julietta, gratified by this attention, forgot Henry in the pleasure with which she received his sister.

When Mrs. Fortescue heard that lord Marsham was not up, she would not go in, but preferred walking about the grounds; and taking Julietta by the arm, they went to a dark walk of huge laurels, which once had been a shrubbery.

"I believe I shall not surprise you," said Mrs. Fortescue, "when I tell you that *Henry* has made his proposals to your sister;

but

but I own, I wonder at Mr. Belfour's decisive rejection of them. Henry certainly is not rich, but your sister has no need of wealth: his connections, I think, might have been reckoned as something by Mr. Belfour, and his figure and attainments deserved better success. I own, I suspect that your father grudges to part with your sister's portion, and he will give his consent to no man that cannot wait for her fortune till his death."

"I am sorry," replied Julietta with an effort of some heroism, "that this has so happened. I have some little influence over my father, and that I will exert for my sister's happiness, if you will set me down at home."

"You are always sensible and generous, miss Belfour, but I neither wish nor expect any thing from an application to Mr. Belfour. I must confess to you, that I am sorry Henry should so far forget his personal dignity as to continue his addresses: but it seems the ladies are entirely with him; and I suppose it will end in a run-away match.

Though I differ from Henry, I have not so sublime an idea of the superiority of my wisdom, as to force it upon him; and I leave him to pursue his own plans; for it is his own happiness that is concerned.

"But let us leave these madcaps to themselves. I am come to look at the works of a young lady, who has as much self-command as exertion. Nay, no excuses; if you refuse to show me all, I shall not think myself an old acquaintance, and shall remember that this is only the second time I have talked with you."

"Well," said Julietta laughing, "I will not hide my defects from you, and then you may enjoy the duties of an old friend, by publishing them to all the world."

"O cynic of eighteen! How long is it since you have discovered that men forget their sorrow for a friend's faults in the eloquence with which they bewail them?"

They returned to the house, and Julietta easily prevailed on Mrs. Fortescue to have her carriage put up, and to stay to dinner.

As they went up stairs, Julietta thought that

she

She heard a noise in lord Marsham's room. She listened: it continued.—Terrified, she started forward: with incredible swiftness she reached the gallery, and in a moment was in his room.

He was supported in his bed by the servants; his eyes were closed, and a cold dew hung on his forehead.

"My father!" exclaimed Julietta in a piercing tone of suppressed anguish.

"Is it you, my love?" he said, opening his eyes. "Come to me; do not be alarmed: it was a short struggle, and is now over. Mrs. Fortescue, how good this is in you! I was just preparing to send for you. Julietta, my love, I must make you blush, if, weak as I am grown, I show a braver spirit than you. Suppress your tears, my love, and do not sadden the very few hours which precede our parting."

"Parting!" cried Julietta, and her sobs and tears burst forth with violence as she flung herself in agony upon the bed. Lord Marsham endeavoured to raise her; but his strength was gone. He looked on her with

an affection which moistened his cheeks with tears : but feeling all exertion too painful to him, he said lowly, " Julietta, you distress me."

Her cries immediately ceased. She turned away her face, and with an effort which stretched every vain and muscle of her countenance, and almost burst her breast, she stopped its convulsions. She wiped away her tears, and with a tranquil, but glazed eye, she seated herself by the bed-side.

" Why," continued lord Marsham, " when I have so few hours to pass with you, should they be made disagreeable to me, and disgusting to you? A dying man's room need not be like an hospital. Take away those phials. Clear the room, and throw open the windows."

Julietta, with a jealousy of any one else assisting, did every thing herself. She sent for flowers and fruit, of which lord Marsham was fond. She arranged his bed; and then seating herself, she passed her arm under his neck, and supported his head.

" I thank you, my child," he said with a

smile.

smile. "Dismiss your apprehensions, and I shall be easy. Death, contrary to vulgar opinion, is seldom painful. I have as yet suffered little; and I feel as happy as a weak man can do. I will not affect to be gay, because I am not strong enough. But I think of dying with no feeling but a little curiosity to know what will then be."

When the fruit came, he ate a small bit of nectarine, on the condition that Julietta and Mrs. Fortescue should each eat a whole one.

A few minutes after, he said "I wish I had strength to hold a pen, that I might write how easy it is to die."

These were the last words that he spoke distinctly. Utterance afterwards evidently became painful to him, and life ebbed apace. He took Mrs. Fortescue's hand and Julietta's and joined them. Mrs. Fortescue understood him, and solemnly declared that she would consider Julietta as a sister. He then looked at Julietta, and pointing upwards with his finger, whispered, "Edward."

Julietta comprehended his meaning, and went for the portrait of Edward Mortimer. When she brought it, a lambent flame kindled in lord Marsham's eyes. He seemed to recover strength: he supported himself without Mrs. Fortescue's assistance, and drew aside the curtains. He then passed his hands across his eyes, and gazed with earnestness on the picture. He sighed, a tear fell upon his cheek: he closed the curtain, and, falling back, expired.

Julietta looked on him with an eye which seemed to doubt the reality of what she saw. She pressed his stiffened hand: she moaned, and, closing her eyes, fainted upon the body. Mrs. Fortescue assisted to carry her to her own room, and watched by her till she recovered. She opened her eyes, but they were still heavy and languid. Mrs. Fortescue embraced, soothed her, and supported her head upon her bosom. This tenderness relaxed the rigour of Julietta's sorrow, and tears then flowed copiously down her cheeks.

"Do not check your tears, my love," said Mrs. Fortescue, "you owe them to the memory

mory of your friend. I will leave you, that you may have no restraint in yielding to the voice of nature, which calls for no common regret for such a loss. But remember that your grief, though natural, is unavailing; and, in excess, is pernicious. I will see you in the evening; and as I indulge you now, I shall expect some self-command from you then."

Julietta, left alone, gave freedom to the violence of her grief; and it was not till it had exhausted its own strength, that she found herself able to check it.

The hours passed away, and her convulsive sobs subsided in a calm but deep regret, which her reason approved, and restored her to some command of her feelings. She rose from the bed on which she had thrown herself. She bathed her eyes and face, and opened the window to inhale the fresh air. She felt a remission from her agony: her feelings and ideas were exhausted, and she sunk into a state of vacant repose, which was necessary to recruit their strength. Her eyes were open, but her faculties slept; and it was

only

only when the fresh air blew upon her fore-head, that she revived to a recollection of her situation.

In this state Mrs. Fortescue found her, and perceived that it was not yet time to attempt to console her. She contented herself with prevailing on her to take some little refreshment. Julietta, affectionate and complying, to show her gratefulness to her friend, ate what little she could. She smiled, and endeavoured to speak: but the effort was painful, and at Mrs. Fortescue's request she retired to bed.

The next morning, though languid and oppressed, she had resolution enough to sacrifice the selfishness of her grief, and ask Mrs. Fortescue to sit with her. Mrs. Fortescue did not harrass her with conversation, but pretended to be employed on her work; and Julietta, in the quiet around her, found that her feelings were gradually consoled by being indulged. The tears fell from her eyes, but it was in silence; and at every remission of her grief, she expressed to Mrs. Fortescue her warmest thanks for her kind-

ness

ness, so necessary in such a moment. Mrs: Fortescue with a smile said, that she meant to extend her kindness much further than she perhaps would like; for she had resolved never to part from her. A look of gratitude was the only thanks that Julietta could express; and by degrees the idea of spending her days with Mrs. Fortescue began to abate the extreme poignancy of her sufferings.

Julietta had just recovered some degree of tranquillity, when the recollection of her loss was again forced upon her in all its bitterness. A Mr. Marsham, a distant relation, and heir at law to lord Marsham, entered the house; took an inventory of all the effects; and, with that narrowness of feeling which imagines a cheat in every fellow-creature, insisted upon Julietta's leaving the house. Mrs. Fortescue happened to be absent, and Julietta, packing up her few moveables, prepared to leave a habitation where she had found esteem and happiness, never to enjoy again the same feelings of attachment and delight.

When Mrs. Fortescue returned, she was

surprised

surprised to see her so employed; and hearing the reason, sent to speak to Mr. Marsham.

"I understand, sir, that you give your orders for miss Belfour to leave the house of her deceased friend, and your relative. I wish to know by what right you act with this rigour."

"By my right to the succession, madam. I am lord Marsham's heir at law. I know there is treasure hid in the house, and I do not wish any one to find it but myself."

"If that is all," interrupted Julietta, "I can show you where the treasure is. Too fatally was I entrusted with the secret."

"Oh!" said the squire, "if that is the case, I have no objection to your staying here a few days to pack up your things. But come, you must show me where the old miser deposited, this instant. I know he sold out of the stocks last year for fear of their breaking; and he ought to have a noble hoard somewhere about."

"Do not be in such a hurry to trouble yourself, good sir," said Mrs. Fortescue.

"We

"We had better see first if lord Marsham has left no will to settle his affairs. It possibly may save you the labour of a search."

"Oh, as for that I am pretty sure there is no such thing. He was too sharp an old dog to leave it to the clergy, and he had no relation but myself."

"But I am pretty sure there is such a thing; for I was one of the witnesses to such a thing on the third of last March; and, if I am not mistaken, lord Marsham was too wise to leave his property either to the clergy, or to his very hopeful heir at law."

"The devil! you don't say so, ma'am."

"If you will desire that escritoire to be opened, I believe your doubts will be satisfied."

On opening the escritoire, the will was found, which simply stated that lord Marsham left all his property, real and personal, to his noble and affectionate friend, Julietta Belfour.

Julietta, overpowered with this proof of lord Marsham's love, burst into tears. The squire gave a long whistle, and let the will drop

drop on the floor, Mrs. Fortescue secured it; and was so happy at her friend's prosperity, that, in the overflowing of her heart, she shook the disappointed squire by the hands, and danced him about the room.

When the squire had taken his departure, Mrs. Fortescue, in the kindest terms, felicitated Julietta on being raised to a situation which her merit so well deserved.

Julietta replied, "I have no affectation in looking upon this superfluity of wealth, the corrupter of the noblest hearts, with dread. At the same time I acknowledge that it gives me pleasure, as it raises me above the contempt which my deformity inspires; and as it affords me an opportunity of removing all the obstacles to your brother's marriage with my sister."

A slight blush tinged Julietta's cheek. Mrs. Fortescue pressed her hand to her heart, and spared those praises which would seem to include a knowledge of the greatness of the sacrifice. Yet in secret this generosity gave her regret. She had hoped that Henry would *not* have been so imprudent as to marry

Clara

a without her fortune, and as it probably
ld be long before she was mistress of it,
re was a chance, in the mean time, that
beauty and the mental inanity of one sister
uld not appear to him on the whole so well
lculated to ensure his permanent happiness
the intellectual endowments of the other,
ough accompanied with personal deformity.
Now, when a further acquaintance with Ju-
etta's virtues had made her more desirous of
accomplishing her project, she saw it entirely
baffled by these very virtues themselves. She
had no reason to expect that gratitude would
be a more powerful motive in her brother's
breast than love, and that he would forego
the possession of Clara's charms, because he
owed them to the generosity of Julietta.

As soon as it was publicly known that Ju-
lietta Belfour was the heiress of lord Mar-
sham, the great miser, there would have been
no danger that her deformity would produce
neglect, even if she had been less agreeable
than she was. But she had conducted her-
self with such constant good-humour and
good sense, that there was no one who di

not rejoice in her prosperity, as it would make her deformity of little consequence among the majority of society; and it was now that she had the power to attract that select part of mankind who are indifferent to rank and wealth, by her talents, virtues, and the knowledge how to make herself agreeable.

It was plain that the little deformed girl was, from all these united causes, become a person of the first consideration in the county. There was no one who had the smallest connection with herself, her family, or lord Marsham, that did not call to pay her the visit of condolence; and though she was sensible enough not to set a very high value on these attentions, yet, as in one respect she was placed below the level of mankind, without any fault of her own, she thought it fair to use these means of supporting herself in their respect, though acquired without any merit of her own. There was no danger that, like lord Marsham, she should become too secure of the good opinion and attentions of society, and, consequently, become negligent in cultivating them.

The

The first persons whom she received were her own family, whose growing kindness to her was now confirmed. She could no longer be considered as a disgrace to them. The next person was Henry Talbot, to whom his sister had communicated Julietta's generous intention, and he came to thank her. When Julietta heard of his arrival she felt more agitation than she had apprehended; and she remained a short time in her room to compose and strengthen her mind, that Henry might not suspect how much her disinterestedness cost her. Mrs. Fortescue guessed the state of her mind, and her wish to be alone, and went to her brother.

"I don't know how," said Henry, "I shall ever pardon myself for the error I have made in my opinion of this worthy girl: yet you must allow, when I saw that her talents, particularly her powers of conversation, were so much exaggerated, I had some reason to conclude the same of what I did not see. She sings divinely, and when a person has one acknowledged accomplishment, she is apt to have credit for the whole catalogue."

"Julietta's talents and powers of conversation exaggerated!" replied Mrs. Fortescue with astonishment; "but I will not meddle with you, not even to dissipate this thick darkness which hangs over your understanding."

"Well, proof, proof, sister: it is said that she paints: this requires a little more mind than music, though it is not decisive of intellectual powers. Cannot we see some of her paintings?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fortescue, opening the door, "come this way."

"Well," said Henry, looking round, "these are very well, and do so young a girl great credit. There is no fault in the colouring; but there is a stiffness in the design, which does not bespeak great genius."

"These are not her's; they are lord Marsham's. Come into the painting-room."

"O God!" exclaimed Henry when he entered, "what beauty! what grace! These cannot be her's! it is incredible."

"You need not believe it if you will not; *but here* are some in an unfinished state.

You

You see plainly that the design is far superior to her master's, lord Marsham; so you cannot suspect that she has received assistance from him."

"Well, I allow this is wonderful; but still she may do this, and more; her voice, her eye, her hand, may be informed, and yet she may be a very dull companion."

"Well, infidel, as you please. Julietta's worth does not require factitious faith to be acknowledged."

"But what is this one with the back turned towards us? Not so well done as the rest, I suppose."

What was Mrs. Fortescue's surprise? What were Henry's feelings when he saw his own portrait?

"You did not know of this, sister?"

"No, upon my honour."

Henry was silent, but the dislike he had conceived to Julietta was rapidly changing into pity. 'It is certain,' he thought, 'that this poor unfortunate girl loves me, and yet she is willing to remove all obstacles to my mar-

riage with her sister. It is generosity unparalleled. How could I doubt that she possessed virtue and talents in an equal degree?

How easy it is to discover people's good qualities when they flatter our own vanity.

Mrs. Fortescue perceived that an impression had been made in Julietta's favour, and she let it take its own course.

They returned to the library; and soon after Julietta entered. She was grave, yet collected and tranquil; and had summoned to herself so much self-command, that Henry began to doubt if he had not drawn too hasty conclusions in favour of himself from the discovery of the portrait.

Julietta hastened to explain her intentions; and observed, that there was no generosity in giving a sum to her sister that might seem large, as it in fact would be but a small part of the great superfluity left her by lord Marsham. She mentioned 20,000l. But Henry exclaimed, that it would be robbery, and he was sure that 5,000l. added to his own money, would be sufficient to support them

till Mr. Belfour was more favourably inclined to them. "Pensioners," he said, "ought to be content with the necessaries of life. All industry would be at an end if its luxuries could be acquired without trouble." A little contest ensued, which ended in an appeal to Mrs. Fortescue.

This lady decided for a medium, saying, that she consulted miss Belfour's generosity more than her brother's wants, when she mentioned 10,000l. With some reluctance on the part of Julietta, this was decided. Henry expressed his gratitude in very handsome terms: but Julietta began to feel her spirits sink, and, saying she would not stay to listen to thanks far above what she deserved, withdrew to her room.

"I know very well," said Henry, "from that pensive look, what is passing in my sister's mind."

"Henry," replied Mrs. Fortescue, "I wish to keep my thoughts neuter; why will you force them into the combat?"

"You think I ought to sacrifice the

lovely Clara to this generous little hunch-back."

"I do not wish it now. So sudden a change would be attributed to motives of interest, which I wish far from your heart."

"To tell you the truth, I thought to myself while miss Belfour was giving away her thousands so unaffectedly, I could have married her body for the sake of her soul—if I had never seen Clara."

"She is too good for any of you."

"Nay sister, are you not giving way to that fault against which you have declared war, exaggeration. Miss Belfour certainly possesses brilliant talents, and a worthy heart; but she wants those little graces of conversation, that playfulness and vivacity, which alone can make an agreeable companion."

"Some wizard, I think, has thrown a mist on your eyes, that you should see every thing in the reverse."

Henry hastened to write a note to his lovely Clara, to acquaint her with her sister's generosity,

generosity, which had made Mr. Belfour's consent to their marriage a secondary object.

In the mean time Julietta was proving the inanity of talents, accomplishments, and wealth, when the heart despairs of a return of affection. But she was not querulous; not even in thought; but combatted with all her strength her ill-fated attachment. In order to employ her mind on other objects; she asked Mrs. Fortescue to assist her in settling her affairs, and to form plans for the use of the powers which wealth had placed in her hands.

With the assistance of Mrs. Fortescue's servants, she had the treasure brought up from the vaults, and lodged in the bank at Exeter. She surveyed the glittering pile with melancholy, and the tears stole down her cheeks, while she reflected that this hoard had cost her early friend his happiness, and, too probably, his life.

When the report was spread of the immensity and variety of this wealth, all the neigh-

neighbourhood were kept on the stretch of amazement; but it soon appeared that Julietta possessed a generous spirit, which was competent to the greatest wealth. Her relations she considered as joint proprietors. To her acquaintance she made such presents as were most useful. If she met a girl with a taste for music, painting, or reading, this was immediately encouraged by a present of a piano-forte, a set of colours, and a small library. If genius was in want, she encouraged it liberally. Her schoolmaster, Mrs. Rowley, and Mrs. Lomond, all the servants and friends of her early years, received pensions from her. But what she most gratified herself in was, making a strict search through all the county, and, wherever she found any person incapacitated from gaining his livelihood by any personal misfortune, she gave an annuity sufficient to secure the common comforts of life.

Miss Belfour's deformity was no longer mentioned, the whole county resounded with her talents, her amiableness, and generosity: and

and the envy which would have been excited by her enormous wealth, was subdued by the splendid use she made of it.

But this is anticipation. Julietta had settled to pass half the year with Mrs. Fortescue; and as her own house too forcibly recalled the remembrance of him who made it hers, she had determined to go to Mrs. Fortescue's as soon as the marriage of Henry and Clara had taken place. She was very unexpectedly forced to defer her plan.

The morning after Henry had taken his leave, she was surprised by the entrance of Clara, who had walked over alone.

"Will you let me speak a word to you in private, Julietta?"

"Don't stir," said Mrs. Fortescue, "I have a letter to write, and am going to my room."

"Dear sister," said Clara, when they were alone, "I have something to say, and yet I do not know how to begin.——Do you care very much; that is, do you wish very much that I should marry Mr. Talbot?"

"Certainly

"Certainly no more, my dear Clara, than as it would promote your happiness."

"And if I did not marry him, would you still give me the 10,000l.

"How can you doubt it, my love: it is to you, not to Mr. Talbot, that I gave it."

"Then I will not marry him."

"How!" cried the wondering Julietta, with more secret satisfaction than she would have felt if she could have helped it.

"That is, I will not marry him if I can well be off. You are always so kind that I will tell you all. You must know, that since my father forbid Mr. Talbot our house, captain Maxwell was introduced there."

"What, the captain Maxwell that Mr. Talbot wounded in a duel."

"Yes. And as soon as I saw him I found that I had deceived myself in fancying I was in love with Mr. Talbot, and that captain Maxwell was right in saying I only thought so, because he was the first man that had paid his addresses to me."

"To save you these distressing explanations,

tions, I will conclude then, Clara, that you do not love Mr. Talbot: that you do love captain Maxwell; and that it is only his poverty that prevents your marrying him. If 20,000l. will give you freedom of choice, I will give you a draft for that sum."

"O my dear, my excellent sister, how shall I find words to thank you. But I had forgot the great difficulty. How shall I get myself out of this scrape with Mr. Talbot? he has my promise."

"The simple and direct way is always the best. State to him the error you have made, and ask him to free you from your engagement."

"How fortunate I am to have a sister who can assist me in every thing! I will write as you desire; but I must run home; for I have had a note from Talbot which I have not answered yet. Adieu my dear, dear sister."

Julietta remained a moment lost in the hopes, so unexpectedly revived, that Henry might yet return her affection. Another moment's reflection made her blush at having

forgotten

forgotten the great obstacle which remained in her own deformity. She composed her spirits, and, resolving to suppress expectations, of which the disappointment might be so acute, she went to communicate this new event to Mrs. Fortescue.

Mrs. Fortescue did not pretend any regret, but observed, that it was better that Clara should make this discovery before than after marriage. Julietta even perceived that Mrs. Fortescue anticipated her marriage with Henry, but she was aware how many circumstances might deceive Mrs. Fortescue as well as herself; and dreaded to admit a hope, which, if too much encouraged, might entirely destroy the little tranquillity which was yet in her power.

Mrs. Fortescue thought that she had better go herself to tell Henry of Clara's aversion to their marriage, and ordered her carriage. She bid Julietta good b'ye with an intelligent smile, and desired her not to wait dinner, as she had a great deal of philosophy to preach to her brother.

She found him as she expected, depressed with

with this double shock on his vanity and his affections; yet she perceived a little anger at the insult, and some contempt for the levity from whence it sprung, mingling with his regret. She cherished these latter feelings, and drew so just a picture of Clara's imbecillity, and the little sympathy between their characters, that Henry at last confessed, that in ten years his love might probably have suffered a little diminution.

In a few days he ceased to think of poison or drowning; and, in a few more, he became again a rational creature, exempt from love, and from despair.

All this time Mrs. Fortescue, from her established maxim of not interfering, never intruded the idea of Julietta. And this very forbearance excited Henry's curiosity, and his wish to talk on the subject.

"Though you are silent, sister, yet I know you think that I ought not to be surpassed by your little friend, who was willing to promote my happiness at the expense of her own."

"As

"As I believe you dive into my thoughts out of mere curiosity, Henry, you must excuse me if I persist in my silence."

"You wrong me, sister, I wish for your opinion, as it may determine my happiness."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously."

"Then you shall have it. You are poor, and have but the choice of a dilemma, either to sacrifice your valued leisure, and give up your youth to the uninteresting toil of a profession, or to preserve your leisure, and enjoy the spring-time of life, by marrying Julietta. She will confer on you independence, the choice of your friends and occupation, the gratification of your tastes."

"But she is deformed," said Henry.

"The object of love is an idol; but, of marriage, a companion and assistant. Who possesses these qualities more than Julietta?"

"But she is deformed."

"She is virtuous, sensible, brilliant, affectionate, conciliating, and entertaining; capa-

ble

ble of making any one happy; and soothing misfortunes that are inevitable."

"But she is deformed!"

"She will make your youth cheerful, and your old age comfortable. She has talents and fascination to establish over every mind in contact with hers an uncontrolled influence, yet generosity and forbearance enough never to abuse it."

"But she is deformed!"

"Oh, Harry, Harry! How often have you maintained, that habits of estimating ought not to supersede the real value of things. What are the virtues I have named but things of distinct and well appreciated value? While your disgust at deformity, which you oppose to them, what is it but a habit of estimating without regard to utility, exaggerated by repetition, and only to be defined by repetition?"

"Well sister, I own we are never so easily convinced as by our own arguments: you have got my reason on your side, but inclination—"

"My dear Henry, distrust your inclina-

tion after you have narrowly escaped the effects of its blind guidance. I have known many a match of inclination and of interest; not one have proved happy. Try for once what a rational match will do. Julietta will at least never give you a cause for unhappiness. Surely this negative security is pretty well at times go."

"Well sister, let me see more of her, and I promise you that, if I find no rational objection to the match, I will not so far be an apostate from my own theories as to let the deformity of body overbalance the beauty of the mind."

Henry now paid constant visits to his sister, and his respect for Julietta rapidly increased. She was still grave and dejected from the recent loss of her friend; and she felt an indelicacy in striving to please Henry, which made her silent, and even embarrassed. Still it was impossible to be much with her, without being sensible of her powers and her worth. Her deformity became familiar to Henry's eyes, and the knowledge that she loved him, and the dignity with which she

concealed

concealed it began to lessen his repugnance to the match.

This event was hastened by his elder brother's delaying to remit the interest of his little fortune. He had contracted considerable debts in preparations for his marriage with Clara. His creditors were clamorous.

"I cannot," said Mrs. Fortescue, "stoop to borrow, and my application to Mr. Fortescue would be vain; but what little I have saved from my pin-money—"

"No sister, I will not always consult my own gratification. Do you think I will ever squander what you save from the only comforts which a marriage made for the sake of your family has bestowed on you! I have trifled too long, expecting romantic happiness in a world where the happiest are they who are free from absolute misfortune. Ask miss Belfour to favour me with a few minutes conversation."

Julietta received the request, and went down to the library in a state of very painful anxiety.

Henry at once entered upon the subject, and, after disclosing with candour the state of his sentiments and circumstances, asked if she could accept a heart which did not affect impassioned love; and only proffered and expected mutual assistance to attain rational happiness.

Julietta paused a moment to recollect her thoughts, and then addressed Henry:

"I have often previously reflected on my conduct in case of a proposal of marriage, and therefore shall keep you in no suspense, by the difficulty of determining. I had settled, that if any man should address me in the language of love, he could only have views on my fortune, encouraged by an opinion of the weakness of my understanding. I am not an object of desire. The honesty which you have used at the hazard of offending me, determines me to accept your proposal. It insures my happiness, by regulating my expectations, at the same time I beg you will believe, that if I did not think I was capable of contributing materially to

your

your happiness, I would not have hesitated to have disregarded my own, by refusing to become your wife."

Julietta, to save Henry an appearance of want of sufficient gladness, immediately withdrew. She sought Mrs. Fortescue, and in her bosom gave loose to tears of mingled joy and apprehension; and formed plans of inspiring her husband with the love which she despaired of in her suitor.

The marriage was fixed on in a fortnight, during which time Julietta conducted herself with a decent gravity, and repressed any attempt Henry made to flatter her by any little attention. This relieved him, and showed him her delicate good-sense, which removed all the embarrassment of his situation, and laid the ground for future confidence.

Mrs. Fortescue's happiness was boundless. She saw the two people whom she loved best united, and she knew the excellencies of both their characters so well, that she did not doubt of mutual love becoming the consequence of their union.

They were married in private; and Julietta

previously settled half her fortune on Henry, reserving half to herself, that each might be independent of the other.

Late in the evening Mrs. Fortescue took her leave of them. Julietta parted from her with tears; and it seemed to Henry that all the hopes of comfort, which made his marriage appear reasonable, vanished with her. But it remained for him to discover that his young wife not only possessed all the tenderness and good-sense of his sister, but was equally considerate of his feelings.

"Mr. Talbot," she said, "I did not marry to engross your time; nor must you expect that I will surrender mine. We must have no dependence but what is founded on inclination, contrary to the vicious familiarity of the marriage-state in general. We will preserve our separate friends, apartments, employments, and—beds."

Henry thought that he should be wanting in gallantry if he did not resist this proposal; but Julietta stopped him.

"Do not," she continued, "suppose that I am one of those weak women whose vanity

is

is in proportion to their personal defects. I am sensible of my misfortune, and never should I have married, if I could, by any other means, have shared my fortune with you. Look upon me as your friend, and believe me, that nothing can diminish my affection for you, but your making me ridiculous by considering me as an object of desire. I have desired lord Marsham's room to be prepared for you; and all that side of the house I shall never approach but when invited."

Henry had the good-sense to see that Julietta was in earnest; and he almost felt angry with himself on perceiving how agreeable her resolution was to him. They passed the rest of the evening restrained by mutual respect, yet without embarrassment; and when Henry retired to his room, he felt the conscious satisfaction of having acted wisely, and hailed with pleasure the growing esteem which was inspired by the virtues of his wife.

Each day increased this sentiment, and

the natural hilarity of Henry's disposition received the only addition which it wanted in the security of his happiness. Yet there was a gravity in the marriage-state, an awkwardness arising from two young persons' being all at once left alone together, which still kept him ignorant of those powers of fascinating vivacity which Julietta possessed, and which had been suppressed by the death of her friend; and her anxiety about the experiment in which she was engaged. He still continued to believe that, in this respect at least, his sister's friendship had deceived her: but he did not feel any regret on this account, as he rested satisfied that he had found an useful and worthy partner for life.

At the end of a fortnight they began to see company, and Julietta proposed that they should invite their friends separately, to accustom the world not to consider them as two logs chained together. She had, besides her secret motives. She wished to prevent the little shame which would naturally arise when Henry presented a deformed wife to

his friends; and she judged that, by showing him that she should never be a charge upon him, his respect for her would increase.

Henry enjoyed the society of all his young acquaintance, while Julietta had her separate party; and to show Henry that he need not be afraid of her troubling him with a ridiculous fondness, she expressed an antipathy to be in company with men after they had been drinking wine; and Henry and his friends were consequently excluded from her society in the evening. She was so careful to prevent his thinking her an incumbrance, that she almost avoided his society; and they scarcely met but at breakfast. Henry at first used politely to ask her to ride, or to drive; but she always took care to be engaged, and left him entirely to his own amusements.

This exclusion and this separation of pursuits at last had the effect which Julietta intended. Henry began to wish to be of her parties: he felt weary of men's society for ever; and began to be piqued that Julietta did not show a greater desire for his company.

"My dear Julietta," he said, "I will ask

no

no more company next week, that I may have more of yours. Instead of a philosophical, we are a fashionable couple so easily do extremes meet."

"It is unfortunate," said Julietta, "but I am engaged for every day next week; and my friends have so many good reasons for making me dissipated, that I don't know how I can excuse myself from a single engagement."

"It is very provoking."

"Console yourself, however, there is no danger of your seeing too little of me."

This little chagrin of Henry's, was the first thing that gave Julietta hopes of success; and these hopes gave her a spirit and animation which were the best means of accomplishing her object. Her first engagement was to Mrs. Fortescue, who had purposely omitted to ask her brother. By Julietta's desire Mrs. Fortescue had invited all Henry's young acquaintance; and Julietta, with a palpitating heart, yet with confidence in her own powers, prepared to ingratiate herself with them. She was at first merely civil and

and attentive, answering their compliments with a sweetness of voice and softness of manner, which might dissipate all the apprehensions that they might have conceived at her formidable talents. By degrees she joined in the conversation, not displaying her opinions, or attempting to shine, but giving to every thing a playfulness and ease, which spread good-humour through all the party. She was the first to applaud any lively sally, or to draw the attention from any mistake, showing a sympathy with every one, which had the instant effect of conciliating theirs to her. A little circle formed round her, and she chatted with them in a vein of pleasantry and repartee, which irresistibly imparted hilarity, without descending into buffoonery. She was comical and spirited, yet delicate and judicious; and though she banished the formality, she preserved the respect of society.

"What shall I do with these children, Mrs. Fortescue. I am forgetting my matronly gravity, and they are all laughing at me.

me. Can you find nothing to employ them?"

"No, my love, I have no hobby-horses that these great children will condescend to ride. Try if you can find out what they are good for."

"Let me see. There, put yourselves in a row. Mr. Mercer, and Mr. Stonehouse, I guess you can sing, so pray go and sit down to whist, that you may reserve all your voice for after supper. Sir Henry, you have no business to wear a red coat if you cannot dance, so I give you leave to chuse five of my subjects for a double reel. Well, here only remains one to be disposed of," turning to a young man who had listened and laughed, without joining in the conversation. "What shall I offer you to amuse you?"

"Yourself," replied the young man smiling.

"You have a singular taste," said Julietta, returning the smile, but I cannot gratify you; for I must sit down to the piano-

forte

forte to set these people dancing. But will you favour me with your company on wednesday evening."

"With pleasure," replied the young man, bowing, "for I shall hope for something more entertaining than cards, and more interesting than scandal."

The rest of the evening passed with a vivacity seldom met at parties. Julietta understood perfectly the art of demolishing ceremony, and at the same time of restraining licentiousness. After supper she was requested to sing. This night she excelled herself, and all present were surprised to feel at once how poor the falsetto voices were which they had listened to with admiration, compared with the gift of real melody which flowed from the pupil, not the creature, of science. The effect it had upon the young man was incredible. He seemed electrified with every trill. One hand grasped the edge of the table convulsively, while the other, which supported his forehead, concealed the tears which flowed down his cheeks. He was a real martyr to that dangerous sensibility, to which all

who

who have it not, pretend, but which those who are gifted with it conceal as a real curse.

The first opportunity Julietta had, she enquired of Mrs. Fortescue who this enthusiast was?

"A poet, and poor you may be certain. A young man of excellent morals, but little practical activity. His name is Leeson: he has published a small volume of poems, which have been much admired; but of which I am afraid very few have been purchased. He is a great friend of my brother's, who has often wished to assist him; but he is too romantically proud to accept an obligation."

"If force will have no effect we must try a little deceit. Will you be at the trouble of sending to the bookseller and buying the whole edition of his poems. Send some one whom the bookseller does not know, and charge him not to mention it to Mr. Leeson; but let him suppose his books have been all gradually bought. Afterwards we will consider what further can be done."

The next morning when Henry was preparing to go out, he was prevented by the arrival

arrival of sir Henry Hays, whose first exclamation was, " In all my life I never met a woman with so much wit as your wife. I give you joy, my good fellow. At first I pitied your choice, but I will now honestly confess I believe that you will be the happiest of us all. Here come Stonehouse and Mercer, they will both say the same. Is not Mrs. Talbot a perfect wit, Stonehouse?"

" No," replied Mr. Stonehouse, " it is not wit; it is ease, playfulness, and good-humour which make her irresistible."

" I thought I had convinced you," interrupted Mr. Mercer, " that is all the effect of feeling the divine enchantment of sympathy."

" Nonsense," cried sir Henry, " with your playfulness and sympathy. I say it is sheer wit makes her so agreeable."

" Ease, playfulness, and good-humour," said Mr. Stonehouse.

" Feeling, feeling, feeling!" cried Mr. Mercer.

" Upon my word, gentlemen," said Henry,

ry, when he got an opportunity of speaking, " I shall be very highly honoured by your cutting one another's throats about the perfections of my wife. But here comes Leeson with a face of intelligence. I suppose he is big with another cardinal virtue."

" Mrs, Talbot," began Leeson, with his usual precipitation, " might mean well, but I must say that I am not pleased—"

" What the duce now," cried Henry—" but this is right, you will make an excellent umpire between these knights errant, who enter the lists in support of my wife's separate perfections. You do not seem to come in the same cause. Come, gentlemen, make your appeal."

" I say," cried sir Harry, " that Mrs. Talbot's fascination consists in her wit."

" In her ease, in her playfulness, and good-humour," said Mr. Stonehouse.

" In her exquisite feeling," cried Mr. Mercer, " and I will maintain it. I am sure, Leeson, you felt the pathos of her singing."

" You

"You are all right," decided umpire Leeson, "Mrs. Talbot's fascination consists in all the qualities you have mentioned."

"The deuce!" said sir Harry: "one might have thought of that too. It is certainly true."

"Well then," said Henry, "what can you have to complain of? On a little reflection, I think I had better mention it to Mrs. Talbot herself."

Henry rung the bell, and desired the servant to ask Julietta if she was at leisure to see some of his acquaintance.

"It is very odd," he thought to himself, "that I should be the last person to find out all these fascinating qualities of Julietta. Talents, temper, and judgment, I have witnessed. But I suppose a husband is too grave a person to be the subject of an attempt to entertain."

He could not help feeling a little piqued, and this little pique served Julietta's cause better than the highest admiration would have done. We do not always love what we admire; but we always desire what appears

 difficult

difficult to obtain. Henry began to doubt if he was as certain of Julietta's love as he had supposed; and this doubt increased the value which he began to set on her affection.

Julietta entered, and expressed her pleasure at seeing her new acquaintance again; but Henry interrupted the compliments.

"These gentlemen have been discussing the nature of your good qualities. I must beg you to repay the obligation. Pray, in what do you think sir Harry's *fascination* consists?"

"In his wit," said Julietta, smiling.

Sir Harry bowed to the ground.

"Bravo," said Henry, laughing, "quite the retort courteous. And pray where lies Mr. Stonehouse's?"

"In his politeness and vivacity."

Mr. Stonehouse bowed down as low as sir Harry.

"And Mr. Mercer's?"

"In the goodness of his heart, without doubt."

Mr. Mercer laid his hand on that heart, and bowed about as low as his hand.

"And

"And in which of these qualities lies Mr. Leeson's perfection?"

"I should suspect him of all," said Julietta with an arch smile, if his modesty did not conceal them."

Mr. Leeson did not bow at all; but there was a sudden change in his expressive countenance, which he turned away to the window to hide.

"Now be angry with my wife if you can Leeson," said Henry.

"Surely I have not been so unfortunate," said Julietta, "as to give Mr. Leeson any cause for anger?"

"Not of anger, madam: no, not of anger; and yet it did pain me to think that I should owe the sale of my poems, not to their intrinsic merit, but to——charity."

"If I chose to deny your charge, I should think it no great crime: but I have too good an opinion of your reasonableness to deceive you. What is it, may I ask, which makes an obligation so offensive to you?"

 "Simply

"Simply a feeling of pride, which makes me dislike to place myself in the situation of an inferior."

"And does this feeling of pride also include a wish of superiority to others?"

"No, certainly. No republican ever worshipped equality as I do."

"And yet," replied Julietta, "you will not let me use the only means I have of placing myself on an equality with you, and the rest of mankind. You do not seem to comprehend me. Does not my deformity make me an object of contempt?"

"No, no," interrupted Henry.

"Nay," continued Julietta, "let me speak on. I must convince this impetuous man that it is he who wants real delicacy. Flattery cannot conceal from me, that nature has placed me below the level of my fellow-creatures. I may deserve gratitude; I cannot excite love. In being useful I can alone find respect; and yet all Mr. Leeson's sensibility could not teach him, that it would be charity, not baseness, to raise a poor deformed

formed girl a little in her own eyes, by accepting the mite she had to offer."

"Your words have cut me to the heart," cried Mr. Leeson: "I will do every thing you wish me, only do not talk to me thus."

Every one present was much moved by the generosity which Julietta showed, in wounding her own feelings, to prevent Mr. Leeson's delicacy from being hurt. Sir Henry, Mr. Stonehouse, and Mr. Mercer, perceiving the scene growing too affecting for those who were not immediately interested, took their leave.

After a pause, Julietta took Mr. Leeson's hand, and said, with a smile, "To prove the sincerity of your penitence, you must accept an annuity of two hundred a-year from me. In the smallness of the sum, I have considered your delicacy, rather than my own wishes, and what is due to the friend of my husband."

Mr. Leeson did not burst into any violent expressions of gratitude; but, taking Julietta's hand and Henry's, he joined them, and pressed them between his; and then, with a

quivering lip and moistened eye, which spoke all his meaning to Julietta, he hurried from the room.

Henry seemed willing to retain Julietta's hand; but she did not think it wise to acknowledge the appeal to Henry's affection which Mr. Leeson had made in her favour. She hastily withdrew her hand; and sitting down to the piano-forte, she sung the Maid of Selma, the song which had first attracted Henry's attention at the ball. It was a little experiment she wished to make, whether or not it would introduce recollections that would make Henry regret his present situation. When she had finished, her heart palpitated: she looked at Henry, but, to her joy, saw no gravity in his countenance. On the contrary, he cried,

"Every time I hear you sing, your voice appears to me to be more sweet and moving."

"Few husbands have paid their wives this compliment; but I think this day has been destined to spoil me. However, you, my good friend, must not learn to flatter.

Every

Every thing we despise is more valuable than it seems: every thing we admire is less valuable than it seems. I suppose you thought it very wonderful that I should retaliate the compliments which these gentlemen paid me, almost in their own words."

"It seemed an odd coincidence. How could it happen?"

"They were talking of me in the same manner at Mrs. Fortescue's door, before my carriage drove away, and, with the usual negligence of men, did not consider that I could hear every word that was said."

"But is it not hard upon me, Julietta, that all my friends should be made happy by your society, while I scarcely see you? Is there no day that you will be at home?"

"I have asked Mr. Leeson to come on Wednesday evening. Will you join my party?"

"How unlucky! I have asked these men for that very day, and it is too late to put them off."

"I was afraid of wearying you, by giving way to my taste for seclusion; but I cannot

bear to see people yawn in my company, and therefore forgive me if I do not allow you to remain with me till you are tired of me. On this condition I will make no new engagements."

"You shall direct me as you chuse. I begin to suspect that I cannot have a better guide; and, notwithstanding your look of innocence, you know that your influence increases every hour."

Julietta laughed, as if the idea was too ridiculous to be supposed, though, in fact, she felt no little triumph in almost perceiving the truth of it. They separated for the day with an increasing esteem for each other; while these little intervals of absence, appearing less agreeable than when they were together, showed how necessary they were to each other's happiness.

On Wednesday Henry had his company to dinner, and Julietta was at home to a small party in the evening, amongst whom were Mrs. Fortescue and Mr. Leeson. Julietta quickly arranged the card-tables, that she might converse with Mr. Leeson, who

had shown so many traits of an excellent heart and understanding, that she wished to cultivate his friendship. She soon convinced him that his delicacy had nothing to fear from the obligation he had received from her, and that she felt his acceptance of it as a compliment. She gave a loose to the enthusiasm of her taste, which so well accorded with his. They criticised together the works of the best poets, and found their ideas of the beauties of particular passages often so exactly the same, that they seemed like old friends who had met again after a long absence, rather than strangers just becoming acquainted with each other's sentiments. Mr. Leeson was astonished to find a judgment so finished in Julietta, when she had so few apparent opportunities of cultivating it: and Julietta was delighted to find the opinions she had formed in solitude, sanctioned by the acknowledged taste of the world.

They seemed wrapt in a degree of fascination, and were surprised to find the company preparing to depart. Julietta, for the first time, had been negligent, but the eager-

ness

ness of the card-players had prevented their observing it; and she was not sorry when they departed, and left her with Mrs. Fortescue and Mr. Leeson.

"Upon my word you are too bad, Julietta," said Mrs. Fortescue: "here have I been a martyr to lady Compton's devotion to whist for two hours, while you and Mr. Leeson have been flattering one another at your ease on the sopha. Don't speak—I know you are very ready at an excuse, but I do not mean to take one. To have my full atonement, I insist on your keeping Mr. Leeson here to-night, and reading a play to us."

"Well, if Mr. Leeson will perform his part of this work of redemption, I am ready."

Lord Marsham had taken the greatest pains with Julietta's reading; and having been an excellent speaker himself, and finding in Julietta the gifts of an accurate ear and melodious voice, he had made her quite a prodigy of elocution. Mrs. Fortescue had discovered this talent, and preferred Julietta's recital of a play, to the best representation of it on the theatre.

Julietta

Julietta chose Mr. Sheridan's Critic: it was then just published, and Julietta had chosen it from a parcel of books which she had received from town. She made Mrs. Fortescue and Mr. Leeson draw round the fire, and then, without that embarrassment which arises from too great an interest in the applause of an audience, she began to read. She had proceeded through five pages when Mr. Leeson interrupted her.

"Good God! you excel in every thing. It may seem but a rude piece of flattery, but I never met with such a prodigy of early perfection. The fascination of your reading is even greater than that of your singing: it is the eloquence of music. How could you accomplish such miracles?"

"There are no miracles in the human mind," said Julietta. "All that I have learned is the effect of a well regulated, not of a laborious education. If the time which you have misspent in learning Latin and Greek had been divided between music, painting, and reading, you would not now have looked on

me

me as a prodigy. But let me go on; I never met any thing that diverted me more than this play."

Julietta proceeded, acting each character with such inimitable justice and vivacity, that her little audience was convulsed with laughter, and she herself was at times forced to lay down the book to join in the uproar she excited.

It happened that Henry's friends had just left him, and as he was going up stairs to bed, he heard the merriment in the drawing-room. He opened the door softly, and entered unperceived. Julietta's back was turned to him, and he motioned to Mr. Leeson and Mrs. Fortescue, when they saw him, to be silent. He sat down; while Julietta, unconscious of his presence, gave a free course to her overflowing spirits, and, instead of reading, acted the play to admiration. Henry at first listened with a degree of astonishment at the comic powers, which he had indeed heard of, but never had witnessed; but he was soon borne along by the inimitable

mimicry,

mimicry, and, after biting his lips in vain, he threw himself back in his chair, and laughed aloud.

Julietta gave a little start, and would have laid down the book, but Henry entreated her to continue. A passion for wit was almost his foible; and wit adorned with the grace and force of his wife's expression, was a treat of which he had scarcely formed a conception.

When Julietta had finished, she perceived her triumph in the pleasure and affection which animated Henry's countenance. Her spirits caught the intoxication, she laughed, she sang, and rattled sense and nonsense by turns. Wit and repartee tipped her tongue; genius and mirth flashed from her eyes. She inspired every breast with a degree of infantine riot, and seemed delighted to remove by her inconsiderateness the idea of her superior talents.

At length Mrs. Fortescue perceiving her brother's spirits languish, and a tender pensiveness stealing on his features, rose to retire, and was followed by Mr. Leeson.

Henry,

Henry, heated with wine, agitated with the delight which he had just received, bewildered and enamoured, threw himself at Julietta's feet. He pressed her hand to his burning forehead, to his eyes moistened with tears: he felt her hand trembling violently. He looked at her averted face glowing with blushes.

"My Julietta, my beloved wife! can you forgive the blindness, the indelicacy of the wretch, whose coldness has insulted your worth?—"

"Stop," said Julietta, endeavouring to recollect herself, "I must not listen to you, you are flushed with wine: you know not what you say; quit this posture, it does no honour to you or to me."

Henry forcibly retained her struggling hand. "I call every thing sacred to witness it is no transport of the moment which makes me say that I love you, and will cease to love you only when I shall cease to live."

"Good God!" cried Julietta, trying to disengage her hand, "I did not expect to be insulted by my husband!"

"Insulted!

"Insulted! my love," said Henry, rising, "how can you suppose it possible?"

"Hear me a moment. Henry, Henry, ask your heart if it be not wanting in delicacy to make me such an offer with so much presumption! Is it not to say to me, I know you will fly into my arms the moment they are open to receive you? Do you think that, deformed as I am, I have so abject an idea of myself as to have borne your long neglect with indifference; or that I shall support my dignity by being an almoner on your affection, and receiving your gift of love at your own leisure? No: I call the honoured spirit of my early friend to witness, that I will not be so wanting to myself, to him."

The tears were in Julietta's eyes, while Henry stood abashed at the sense of the insolence of his conduct. He felt that Julietta, deformed as she was, rose superior to him; while the calmness of her manner, and resolution of her tone, showed him that the treasure which he had just learned to value was for ever lost to him.

Julietta

Julietta pitied his embarrassment, and, taking his hand, said, "Let us forget that this has happened. You are still my friend, my wedded friend; but I owe it to your peace, as well as to my own, that I guard you from any delusion, which, by making me appear an object of love, should expose me to the contempt of your more collected thoughts."

They separated for the night, and Julietta when alone gave way to the joy which she dreaded that Henry should even suspect. She had succeeded in making herself loved, notwithstanding her deformity. But she dared not trust to the fleeting passion of the moment which inspired Henry, and would probably cease with gratification. She saw that it was necessary to render it habitual by long restraint, before she could trust to its security. In consulting her own dignity, she saw the surest means of confirming her husband's esteem; and she was not a little offended at his supposing that he had nothing to do but to offer himself, and to be accepted.

The

The next morning Henry also felt his pride a little hurt. On entering the breakfast-room he only found his sister, whose first question was, whether he now perceived that Julietta possessed all the talents of conversation?

"Certainly, sister, I do not wish to deny it; but I think notwithstanding that your favourite has her faults."

"Which be they? I pray you."

"She has a deuced deal of pride."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," said Henry; and to prove it he related the scene of the night before.

"You were wrong, brother," said Mrs. Fortescue, when he had finished.

"How so?"

"It is of no use to tell you why, because—you are a husband, and husbands have always one advantage over other tyrants, that they are never troubled with a consciousness of their injustice. But you were wrong; and Julietta has acted, as she always does, with becoming dignity."

"Dignity!" cried Henry; "I declare that she has sunk very much in my eyes."

"Hush!

"Hush! here she comes; support your insolence if you can."

In fact, no sooner did Julietta speak than Henry felt that so much softness, delicacy, and good-sense could not be wrong. His little chagrin disappeared; and when Mr. Leeson joined them, perhaps no large house in England could have shown so happy a little party. Julietta perceived with pleasure, that, though Henry was more diffident, she became every day more necessary to his happiness. He sought every occasion of being with her: he hung on her words when she spoke: he flattered her tastes: he laughed only when she retorted the repartee. At other times a soft melancholy seemed to steal on him, caused by a regret, which seemed to him almost unreasonable, when he already enjoyed so much.

Julietta could not but be convinced that his love was not capricious, yet she wished to make one more experiment, whether it would be proof against absence. For this purpose she reminded Henry of their engagement, that they should each have the

power

power of being together, or separate, as they chose; and acquainted him with her design of going to Bath for a few months by herself. The little indignities, to which in so public a place she might be exposed, she wished, as she said, to bear alone: to her they would be nothing, but he would feel them severely.

"Ah, cruel!" cried Henry; "will no atonement satisfy your offended pride, short of my death? You have made me cease to delight in any thing but yourself, that you may leave me deprived of all that makes life desirable."

"Nay," said Julietta, smiling, "I do not mean to leave you alone. You wondered why I went so often to Exeter; it was to have my portrait taken, and I will leave it with you to supply my place."

"And can you really trifle with me thus?" said Henry, gravely.

Julietta trembled: she felt her resolution abandon her. She dared not trust herself to look at Henry; but, pretending not to hear him, she took Mrs. Fortescue's arm, and, mut-

tering something about a walk, drew her out of the room.

"Nay, Julietta," said Mrs. Fortescue, "I must now take my brother's part: you are not only proud, but cruel. How could you bear to see that look of his, and yet persist?"

"I did not see it; but I felt his voice. Do not blame me, my beloved sister; rather support me against my own weakness. I have but one more trial for Henry. It is this portrait. Ah," she continued, smiling, "though you are convinced that Henry's love is sincere, will you not allow me to find some little excuse for yielding to it?"

"Well;" said Mrs. Fortescue, laughing, "I see, with all your wisdom, that you are a true woman at last. I expect something very ingenious from this mysterious portrait. But pray do not make Henry suffer any unnecessary vexation: the poor fellow really has made himself quite miserable, and I almost feel angry with you for what I see him suffer."

"Do

"Do not be afraid: it is Henry's happiness which I have at heart."

Julietta strengthened her resolution with the idea that she chose the line of conduct which lord Marsham would have approved; and, notwithstanding Henry's opposition and Mrs. Fortescue's desertion, she prepared for the day of her departure. The day approached; and Henry, who had been sometimes angry, sometimes sullen, felt nothing but grief at being deprived of a person who was now of equal importance to his affection and his happiness. This was a more severe trial for Julietta:—his violence called forth her resolution; but she had no arguments to combat with his tears. After a strong struggle, and fortified by Mrs. Fortescue, to whom she had opened her heart, she ordered her carriage; and, without venturing to look at Henry, who walked silently by her side, or scarcely knowing where she went, she reached the hall-door, with the support of her friend's arm. It was now necessary to recollect herself, and she was happy to find that her maid had still some parcels to put in the

carriage. "Henry!" she said.—Henry looked mournfully at her: her voice failed; and shame only prevented her from giving up her resolution of leaving him. Her thoughts were changed, by the old house-keeper's coming out with a face of alarm——

"Oh dear! ma'am," she cried, "I just came to tell you that the picture with the green curtain, next the window, is fallen down without any body touching it."

"Well," said Julietta, smiling, "it must be put up again. It is not hurt by the fall, is it?"

"No, ma'am; but then I thought that *that* picture falling might seem unlucky to you, and you would not like to go today."

"Do," said Henry, smiling for the first time, "let Mrs. Lomond's reasons prevail, if mine won't, to make you stay."

The mention of the picture had introduced a new train of thought into Julietta's mind, and she again forcibly felt the necessity of being secure of the permanency of Henry's attachment, in her singular situation.

"No, my friend," she replied, "I did not

learn

learn from lord Marsham to be fickle or superstitious. I must leave you, but it will be your fault if it is not for the last time." Then assuming a more cheerful air, "I have left in my room two portraits of myself, and you will chuse one of them to worship, while the idol itself is absent."

So saying, she received his first kiss, and, entering the carriage, was followed by Mrs. Fortescue. The postillion cracked his whip; and Henry was left alone and desolate.

It was some time before Julietta could command her tears, and still longer before she could recover spirits enough to endeavour to make their journey agreeable to Mrs. Fortescue. But Mrs. Fortescue was too sensible to want to be entertained, and too kind to wish it. She thought only of her friend, and begged her, with a smile, not to be old-fashioned, and think of any one but herself.

Early the next day they arrived at Bath, and in three hours Julietta found that she had never been in so tiresome a place. In fact, the

proof which she had prepared for Henry was a punishment to herself; and, till this separation, neither of them knew how necessary they were to each other's happiness. The first joy she received was when a letter arrived from Henry. She concealed it in her bosom; she flew to her bed-room, and locked the door. She wished to bury herself in the deepest solitude, where not an object could intrude to divert her palpitating heart from the image that warmed it. The letter said all that she could wish. Henry complained loudly of her cruelty in leaving him: he painted, through four long sheets of paper, the ennui he experienced in the insipidity of every object but herself: he entreated her to return, to be indeed the wife of his affection; and lastly, he gallantly declared that her portrait was his only consolation, and that it seemed to hear with pity the complaints he uttered to it of the barbarity of the inflexible original.

"I wish," thought Julietta, "I knew which portrait."

Julietta's answer was not shorter than Henry's

Henry's letter; and their correspondence became so rapid, that they seemed to have no pleasure except in communicating their thoughts to each other. At length Julietta's resolution began to waver; and though she had fixed to stay at Bath two months, scarcely three weeks had elapsed, when her own inclinations, and Mrs. Fortescue's fears that her brother's happiness was seriously suffering, again brought her carriage to the door, and, with lighter spirits than she had for some time known, she set out on her return home.

Henry was at the hall-door when he saw a chaise driving up the avenue: he could scarcely hope it, but, on its nearer approach, he knew the carriage and the servants: he flew forward, and in a moment clasped his wife in his arms.

"Dear, cruel Julietta! and yet how kind is this surprise! You had but one fault, and even that I begin to doubt."

"And what is that?" said Julietta, smiling through her tears.

"Ob-

"Obstinacy, I will lay a wager," cried Mrs. Fortesone.

"Do not mind my sister, but come and see how I have worshipped your portrait. I did not know what a treasure your gift was, till it was all that was left to me."

One day, in passing through Exeter, Julietta saw some pictures in a shop-window, which seemed remarkably well painted. She went into the shop, and hearing that they were done by a young man from London who lodged in the house, and advertised to paint portraits, she asked to speak to him. He appeared modest and intelligent. His style of painting was really beautiful; but he met with no encouragement till he found in Julietta a judge who could understand his merit. She sat to him for her portrait; and, as her countenance was intelligent and regular, he finished the head with great spirit, and, with the address of a portrait-painter, omitted the defect in her figure. Julietta smiled at the flattery; and when, on asking what she was to pay him, he mentioned ten pounds,

pounds, she gave him a draft for one hundred. She took the portrait home, and copied it exactly,—except that in the figure, instead of concealing the deformity of her person, she made it if any thing more striking.

It was from these two portraits that she had desired Henry to chuse one, and from the choice he made she had determined to judge of the reliance she might place on his affection.

With a beating heart she entered his bedroom. At the end of the room, before a recess, a large silk curtain was let down, fancifully ornamented with festoons of differently coloured silks. Henry drew the curtain half up, and she saw a simple Grecian altar, supported by four figures of white marble. The curtain was entirely raised, and discovered the divinity of the place—the copy which Julietta had painted with all the defect of her shape.

"Henry, you have triumphed!" exclaimed Julietta: "I can no longer doubt that you love me, since you love my imperfections. The last proof is over."

"And would you," said Henry, "have been

been so severe as to condemn my choice of the other picture as an unpardonable error?"

"No," said Julietta, blushing, "my wisdom is grown very humble of late; but I wished to give you an opportunity of proving the delicacy of your affection, and you have not disappointed me."

Thus, by good temper, patience, and exertion, Julietta overcame the aversion which deformity excites, and not only secured herself esteem and admiration, but conciliated the fastidiousness of love.—To make her happiness perfect, she became the mother of two children, a boy and a girl. With anxious rapture, she beholds that beauty unfolding in their form, of which though she could not but regret the total want in herself, yet in them she was doubtful of the advantage. On a calm review of her own life, she could not but acknowledge her deformity to have been the cause of all her powers, and of all her happiness; and yet she whispers to Henry her wish that her children may if possible be as much blessed with less effort. Julietta is a model to persons only in her particular situation. In common

common life true wisdom consists in a medium, and therefore a line of conduct requiring excessive exertion is often pernicious, and always romantic.

A judicious and benevolent mind, in pursuing its own happiness, always adds something to the felicity of those who are connected with it. In the charms of Julietta's society Mrs. Fortescue finds a complete relief from the domestic insipidity of an ill-assorted marriage. Captain Maxwell was almost beginning to be tired of Clara, when Julietta perceived the danger, and, inviting her to her house, by well-timed separations contrives to keep alive the languid flame of their attachment. Captain and Mrs. Belfour look up to their daughter with the greatest admiration: in her presence all their jars are hushed; and they have almost learned to imitate the affectionate respect which marks the intercourse of Julietta and Henry. Mr. Leeson's enthusiasm is directed, not suppressed, by his little friend's judgment. Another volume of poems, written from ideas which she suggested, have had such success, that he

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is almost impertinent enough to think of resigning his annuity.—Thus happy in herself, and the source of happiness to others, Julietta never knows what sadness is, excepting when she draws the curtains that veil all that is left of the beauty of lord Marsham, and the benevolence of Edward Mortimer.

THE END.

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